A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES

E. V. LUCAS

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Photo Hanfstaengl

THE MAN WITH THE GOLD HELMET. Rembrandt
Berlin

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES

By

E. V. LUCAS

ILLUSTRATED

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A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES

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PREFACE

THIS book consists of articles originally written for serial publication. All have been augmented, and in the case of London and Paris new matter has been written to cover the Wallace Collection, the Tate, South Kensington, Dulwich, the Luxembourg, the Petit Palais, and the Jeu de Paume.

The difficulty—or rather the impossibility—for a book of this kind ever to keep absolutely level with the changes and additions in the public galleries, is illustrated by the fact that in the National Gallery now hang a score of pictures that were given to it since these pages were sent to the printer. They were either acquired by purchase or presented in honour of the centenary, and they include two Raeburns, one of them, Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, magnificent, a mellow Peter de Hooch, with some animals in it that suggest another hand, certain interesting Italian and Flemish examples, a Zaganelli, a very charming Van der Werff Madonna and Child, the Child divinely painted, and a debatable Murillo, bringing the numbering to 3910. Meanwhile the Jeu de Paume in Paris, after being so recently rehung, and, as we thought, permanently, with the foreign works that used to

be in the Luxembourg, is at the moment of writing devoted to an exhibition of Swiss art from Holbein onwards.

The lover of pictures cannot grumble if the good fortune of galleries is constantly throwing guide-books out of date; rather is it a matter for rejoicing. I merely explain.

E. V. L.

August, 1924

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Chapter I: INTRODUCTORY

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. Titian
National Gallery, London

THE ANNUNCIATION. Crivelli
National Gallery, London

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES

Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY

THE purpose of this book is rather to lay emphasis on the few pictures that ought not to be missed than on the many that must be seen. In other words, it has been put together for the traveller in haste. The traveller with time for many visits to each or any gallery will prefer to make his own selection and possibly may provide himself with this book only for the pleasure of disagreeing with it. No harm done; for my wish is that others should come to share the excitement which, when among pictures, possesses me; never that I should be looked upon as an expert.

The galleries described were last visited in 1923-24, but the arrangement of them is so often revised that already some of the positions noted in these pages may have been changed. The pictures themselves should, however, be easily traced; and even if they are traced not with ease but difficulty, the hunter is still to be envied, for I know of few of

the minor pleasures of life that are more amusing than the search for one picture among many.

In the process of making such a survey as this certain surprises are inevitable. One naturally expects that the galleries of each country should give most space to the work of the artists of that country, and the expectation is fulfilled—thus, at the Louvre the French rooms, from the Clouets to the Men of the Thirties, are representative (the later French painters being at the Luxembourg, as the later English are at the Tate); at the Prado we find the Spanish school from Coello to Goya; in Florence and Venice, the various Italian schools; in Germany, the Early Germans; and in Belgium, the Flemings, both the marvellous primitives and the later florid derivatives of Rubens; in Holland, the Dutch. But the surprise, everywhere but in Holland, Belgium, and Italy, is the attention that has been paid to strangers too. Amsterdam and The Hague, Brussels and Antwerp, Florence, Milan, and Venice, with the exception of the two or three small rooms in the Uffizi, are almost exclusively patriotic; but everywhere else the greatest masters of other countries, at any rate down to the time of Van Dyck, are to be found—and in the case of Rubens they are to be found in astonishing profusion.

Indeed, the principal revelation of my tours is the abundance and vigour of Peter Paul Rubens, and the hold which his genius had on the great collectors of his time. His "Marie de Médicis" series,

together with a number of other works, challenge the eye at the Louvre; at the Prado there are more than sixty works, many of them wholly from his own brush; again in Vienna, both at the Museum and the Liechtenstein; again in Munich, in Dresden, in Berlin, and, of course, in Brussels, and in his home city, Antwerp—to say nothing of what is usually called his masterpiece, in the Cathedral there. And not only the finished pictures, but the masterly rapid oil sketches for them.

It is known, of course, that Rubens had many assistants; but the fact remains, continually astonishing, that at the back of it all was this one great force, who had time also to be an Ambassador, a scholar, a country gentleman, and a good deal of a husband. Before such a manifestation of power, energy, and vivacity one is bewildered.

After Rubens, I should say, from my recent experience, that the two most prolific painters in history are David Teniers the Younger (1610-90) and Adrian van Ostade (1610-85). I mean among the Old Masters. I suppose that Turner's abundance exceeds all.

The other surprise, or renewed and vivified realisation, is the perfection and diffusion of the Dutch —a surprise intensified by reflection upon the brief space of time (less than the whole of the seventeenth century) in which these people made themselves masters of their medium and enriched the world. The National Gallery's Dutch pictures are of the finest; so are those in the Louvre, more numerous

than ours; so are the few in the Uffizi; so are the many in Vienna, and the many in Munich, and the many in Dresden, and the many in Berlin, and the many in Brussels and the many in Antwerp—while it is hardly likely that the best of all were allowed to leave Holland! I have seen recently thousands of Dutch paintings, and I can say, such was the solicitude with which the artists prepared their canvases or panels, and such the excellence of their colours, that hardly any are in poor condition, and, with the possible exception of a Hals and a Jan Steen here and there, painted probably when those convivial masters were a little too festive, or too desirous of hurrying off in order to be festive again, not one that shows signs of carelessness.

But this is only part of the surprise. The full surprise takes count of the marvel of fecundity allied to perfection, and also of the remarkable circumstance that for every Dutch painter of the highest quality there were half a dozen runners-up hardly less admirable; so that if Rembrandt (who stands, however, in a class by himself) were eliminated, there would still be Govaert Flinck and Jan Lievens, Aert de Gelder and Salomon Koninck; if you take away Gerard Dou there are Schalcken and the Mierises; if you take away Terburg there is Metsu; if you take away Brouwer there is Ostade; if you take away Van Goyen there is Salomon Ruisdael; if you take away W. van de Velde there are Jan van de Capelle and Dubbels; and so forth —every *genre* having its group of champions be-

ORIGIN OF THE MILKY WAY. Tintoretto
National Gallery, London

INTERIOR OF A DUTCH HOUSE. Peter de Hooch
National Gallery, London

tween the comparative merits of whom you could hardly put the point of a pin.

I ought perhaps to add, as a third surprise, the infrequency with which, in the great public Continental collections, one finds examples of the British School. After the few good pictures at the Louvre one searches almost in vain, until Berlin, for anything by an English hand.

Finally, let me say that the Brussels Gallery is the only one among those described here that never charges for admittance.

Chapter II: LONDON

Chapter II

LONDON

The National Gallery

I: HISTORY

BEFORE 1824, although fine private collections of Old Masters were to be found in every county and almost every large city, England had no national treasure-house of art; and it was one of the private collections which, not bequeathed but purchased, formed the nucleus of the wonderful assemblage of paintings—between three and four thousand—that are now divided between the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and the Tate Gallery on the Embankment.

The first hint of a National Gallery for London that has been found is in a speech in the House of Commons in 1777 by John Wilkes, on the occasion of Burke's motion that the grant to the British Museum should be increased. Wilkes, supporting it, advocated the building of a picture gallery there and the acquisition of the Houghton Collection as the nucleus of a National Gallery. But the proposal was not favourably received and the Houghton Collection went to Russia.

The next effort was in 1799 when the pictures now in the Dulwich Gallery—with certain exceptions—were offered. These pictures had been originally brought together by a Frenchman named Noel Joseph Desenfans, who, acting for King Stanislaus of Poland, acquired works of art for a Polish National Gallery in Warsaw. Upon the partition of Poland in 1795 Stanislaus abdicated, and the pictures were thrown on Desenfans' hands. In 1799 he published a plan for a National Gallery in London, of which his pictures were to form the nucleus. Nothing resulting, he exhibited the collection in 1802, and added to it from time to time until his death in 1807; and later, as I shall show when we reach Dulwich, a home was built for them there.

We now come to 1824. The nucleus of the National Gallery, as we know it, consisted of thirty-eight pictures from the collection of John Julius Angerstein, a Russian by birth, who became a London merchant and the founder in 1774 of the new Lloyd's at the Royal Exchange. Angerstein died in 1822, at his house, 100 Pall Mall, and a number of amateurs of art, corresponding to the committee of that admirable and enthusiastic body, the National Art-Collections Fund to-day, immediately bestirred themselves to see what could be done to keep his pictures together. According to the official catalogue, the prime mover was King George IV, but I have always understood that the ringleader in this admirable conspiracy was another George, Sir George Beaumont, the friend of

painters and poets (Wordsworth inscribed more than one copy of verses to him, and Coleridge was indebted to him for many services), a collector, and himself a painter of landscapes, one of which belongs to the nation but is rather ungratefully hidden away. Sir George, who promised that if a National Gallery could be formed it should have the pick of his own pictures too—among them four Claudes—brought his eloquence to bear upon the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, with such effect that in April, 1824, the Government agreed that a sum of £57,000 should be set aside with which to make the desired purchases. For a few years the pictures thus acquired remained on view to the public at Angerstein's house, increased in number in 1826 by Sir George Beaumont's gift of sixteen. I should like to say that to Beaumont we owe also a sublime masterpiece which too few Londoners are aware of—Michelangelo's bas-relief of the "Madonna and Child" in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. He died in 1827.

In 1834 the pictures were moved to 105 Pall Mall; and in 1838, when the present building was ready for them, they were lodged in its West Wing, the East Wing being, until 1869, the preserve of the Royal Academy. King George IV did not live to see the National Gallery built, but his old home, Carlton House, supplied the columns that now form its portico.

After the Angerstein pictures, as I have said, came Sir George Beaumont's gift of Claude, Wil-

son, Rubens, and so forth—sixteen pictures in all —and the bequests of the Rev. W. Holwell-Carr in 1831, Lord Farnborough in 1838, and the marvellous collection of Turners, which could fill a National Gallery by themselves, in 1851. In 1853 an annual grant of £10,000, since reduced to £5,000, was put at the disposal of the authorities, and this sum was, from time to time, increased by special Treasury grants and by private financial bequests, such as £10,000 from Thomas Denison Lewis in 1863, £23,104 from Francis Clark in 1881, and £99,909 from Colonel Temple-West in 1907. In 1910 came the miscellaneous and very interesting collection of works assembled by that ardent enthusiast, George Salting, and, in 1916, the Layard pictures from Venice. The Wertheimer Sargents were added in 1923, and then came the Ludwig Mond Bequest. Thanks to the constant vigilance of the National Art-Collections Fund, single acquisitions of great value are frequent.

This survey will show that most of the foreign collections have had a Royal origin. The National Gallery, on the contrary, has been built up almost independently of the Crown, by purchase through the Treasury grants, by bequests of money and pictures, and by gifts. Queen Victoria, in 1863, gave several pictures in memory of the Prince Consort, among them the very charming Pinturicchio "Madonna and Child," and King George V has, from time to time, lent something, such as, at the moment, his portion of the composite Pesellino "Trinity,"

a triptych by Cranach, and Gentile da Fabriano's "Virgin and Child." But, otherwise, the National Gallery has had to rely chiefly on private testamentary benevolence.

Yet how splendid are the results! for, if the desire of the visitor is to get, swiftly, a just idea of what the paint-brush in the ablest hands, in all countries and at the most inspired periods, has been able to accomplish, the National Gallery can, of all galleries, best tell him.

II: THE PICTURES

Every time I visit the National Gallery I am more impressed by its excellence and wealth; and within reasonable space to enumerate its chief treasures is a too difficult task. I propose, therefore, merely to take the rooms in numerical order —which I may say is, alas! not the same as historical or even geographical order—and mention what, in my opinion, is outstanding.

In Room I (over the entrance to which are heads of Leonardo, Correggio, and Rembrandt) there are the earliest examples of Christian art. The rarest work perhaps is the Masaccio altar-piece, but the tragic intensity of the little Castagno "Crucifixion" holds me more. Paolo Uccello's famous battle-piece, "The Rout of San Romano, 1432," when the Florentines defeated the Sienese, is also here. What this pioneer (1397-1475) did not know of drawing he made up for by his glorious sense of decoration.

Room II is chiefly Botticelli's and his School, and it is notable for the sweetness of its faces, whether of Madonnas or their angelic companions. The most popular picture is probably Botticelli's "Madonna and Child," No. 275, but I turn first to the two pictures attributed to the School of Verrocchio the "Madonna and Child with Angels" and the "Angel Raphael and Tobias," where there is movement almost as of flight. Lorenzo di Credi (who was trained in Verrocchio's studio) has two Madonnas here whose blue robes are a joy.

In Room III we find the "Nativity and Singing Angels," by Piero della Francesca, all faded, but so very beautiful, and his "Baptism of Christ," which is both a religious picture and a cool harmony. The bather removing his shirt is a dexterous detail. A series of three panels by Perugino fills one's eyes with its gracious glow.

In Room IV is the composite Pesellino, so curiously assembled from different sources. There are also various church pictures, pretty and simple.

With Room V we come to the School of Lombardy—Leonardo and his followers, whom we shall see in strength at Milan. "The Virgin of the Rocks" is the masterpiece here; the rest are skilful and pleasing rather than great.

With Room VI we come to Venice and Padua, the chief figures being Giovanni and Gentile Bellini and Mantegna. Perhaps Giovanni Bellini's portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano is the favourite work, but his brother's portrait of the

Sultan Mohammed II, one of the recent Layard Bequest pictures, has extraordinary interest. Sultans were not in the habit either of visiting foreign cities or of being painted by Christians. The date is 25 November, 1480. Giovanni Bellini in all his moods is here; while his brother-in-law, Mantegna, is well represented too, with the "Agony in the Garden" as the masterpiece. Never were men so asleep as the three disciples. At the other extreme of religious painting we have the "St. Jerome" of Catena, where imagination gives way completely to the most matter-of-fact invention and even the lion is tidy. Catena's large picture of the "Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ" has much bland charm. I must mention also the little Giorgione study for the St. Liberale in the Castelfranco altar-piece, once the property of Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker or banker-poet, which used to be thought a portrait of Gaston de Foix, and the extremely beautiful and touching "Crucifixion," by Antonello da Messina. Lastly, there is a little, vivid, sparkling "St. Anthony and St. George," by Pisano the medallist, usually called Pisanello, given by Lady Eastlake in memory of her husband, Sir Charles, whose directorship of the National Gallery was so fruitful.

Room VII is entirely Venetian, and it is here that we find the "Bacchus and Ariadne" and the other Titians, the Giorgionesque "Noli me Tangere," and Tintoretto's "Origin of the Milky Way," that supreme piece of brilliant virtuosity, which was, I

imagine, painted for a ceiling decoration and should be looked at as such. Here are the Paolo Veroneses, notably the "St. Helena"; the Moroni and Moretto portraits, so calm and distinguished, of which perhaps the masterpiece is Moroni's "Lawyer"; the dashing oil sketches of the Trojan horse by Tiepolo; and two perfect Guardis, Nos. 2098 and 2524. The copy of a Bellini by Poussin, now on loan from the Scottish National Gallery, is a glorious work, combining the genius of two of the most interesting painters in the history of art. The Ferrarese battle-piece, No. 1062, although something of a muddle as design, is enchanting as decoration.

Room IX, the first of the three Dutch rooms, is the least worthy room in the Gallery. With a few exceptions, such as the Gerard Dou "Poulterer's Shop," that miracle of minuteness without pettiness, and works by Hobbema, Ruisdael, W. van de Velde, Metsu, and Jan van de Capelle, it is almost negligible, since so much finer Dutch work awaits us in Rooms X and XII. The little Vroom landscape should be sought for. (I take Rooms X and XII together because they join. Room XI, which leads out of Room X, is Italian.)

Room X is the large Dutch room, where the principal Rembrandts and Cuyps and Ruisdaels hang. The greatest Ruisdael is the "Landscape," No. 990, which so stimulated Constable; while, for vivacity and light and mastery in one, there is nothing more striking than his "Shore at Scheveningen"; and we find light again in the Van der Hey-

den and Berck-Heyde street scenes, in the Jan van de Capelle "Calm" and in the curious large family group by Sweerts. The little Jan Steen "Skittle Players" shows the jovial innkeeper bestowing more care than usual on every detail. It is another proof of George Salting's good luck as a collector as well as of his taste. Rembrandt's portrait of himself is perhaps his finest work in this room; while the evening landscape, No. 53, one of the Angerstein pictures, is the best Cuyp. The best Hobbema is perhaps No. 2571, another Salting gift, but all the National Gallery Hobbemas are gems.

Room XII is one of the most fascinating of the whole gallery, for here are the picked smaller Dutch examples. Perhaps the honours are with Rembrandt, the recent picture, "The Philosopher," with its broken light on the wall, being by no means least important. The power of the "Woman bathing" is irresistible. Then I should name Peter de Hooch's "Interior of a Dutch House" for its light and colour; and Hobbema's "Avenue" for its serene dignity, and his "Village with Water Mills," for its glitter and sunshine; and the great Koninck, where all Holland is spread out; and the two De Wittes, so different: one a church interior and the other a fish market; and the Brouwer landscape, with Tobias and the Angel, which used to be called a Rembrandt; and the little peaceful seascape by Dubbels and another quiet seascape by W. Van de Velde; and the Frans Hals and the Van der Helst portraits; and the Terburg "Guitar Lesson" and the

little full-length by the same hand; and the Metsu "Music Lesson," and the Jan Steen "Music Master," and the two Vermeers, and the little captivating new picture by Fabritius, who was Vermeer's master. In this room the "Peepshow" which has lately been presented by Sir Robert Witt, one of the Trustees, has been placed.

Rooms XIV and XV are Flemish. Beginning with XIV, we find Rubens once more in a well-chosen selection from the many works that the National Gallery possesses. Most of his moods are represented, from the delicacy of the Susanne Fourment portrait to the vigorous coarseness of the "Triumph of Silenus," while the three landscapes are superb. Perhaps the finest thing in the room is Van Dyck's head of Cornelius Van der Geest, one of the Angerstein pictures, painted when the artist was only 21. But all the Van Dycks are good.

In Room XV we recede in time and find Jan van Eyck with his marvellous Arnolfini group (the visitor should take a magnifying glass for the Scriptural scenes round the mirror); Gerard David with very charming and interesting works, one a recent Layard Bequest acquisition—"Christ Nailed to the Cross"—showing him as an inspiration to Old Brueghel; Old Brueghel himself with the irreverent "Adoration of the Kings," Quinten Matsys, Hans Memling, Mabuse, and Dirk Bouts, with the moving representation of grief in the "Entombment." A rare painter, Robert Campin (1375-

1444) (known also as the Maître de Mérode and Maître de Flémalle), is to be found here. The little town seen through the window in No. 2609 is an urban paradise.

Rooms XVII and XVIII are Spanish and are notable for Velasquez. There is doubt as to whether or not the "Admiral Pulido-Pareja" is his, and doubts were thrown on the "Venus and Cupid" when it was bought in 1906; but the two "Philips," full-length and head, are unmistakable, and the magnificent impression of the boar hunt. According to the little survey of the National Gallery's hundred years of existence, just issued, George Lance, the animal painter, restored this great work very freely; but it is magnificent none the less. Goya's brilliant portrait of the Dona Isabel Corbo de Porcel seems actually to breathe. El Greco's "Agony in the Garden" requires considerable readjustment of vision after the pictures we have been looking at, and is an argument for the liberal use of screens for isolation purposes; but its exciting vivacity and force cannot be resisted. Lastly, I must mention the serene distinction of the anonymous "St. Paul reading," which has a curious resemblance to Whistler's portrait of his mother.

In Room XIX we find the few German pictures that the National Gallery possesses, in particular Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" and the "Ambassadors." Dürer's portrait of his father is attractive, and there is some elaborate work by the Master of Liesborn, and an amusing group called "Charity"

by Cranach, with one of the earliest dolls in art in the little girl's hand.

Room XX is French from primitive times to Claude and Nicolas Poussin. Among the anonymous pictures a putative portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is interesting. There is no Poussin as splendid as his copy now in Room VII, but the distance in No. 40 is a dream of delight. The Claudes are lovely, the most desirable being the "Hagar," No. 61, which Sir George Beaumont found he could not part with in 1826, when he gave the National Gallery his other pictures, and so kept it till his death. This was one of the first real pictures that Constable, then a young miller in Suffolk, ever saw and copied.

Room XXI is French, old and new, with some of Mr. Drücker's Dutch gifts added. Corot is represented at both ends of his long career; and styles as different as those of Chardin and Manet may be compared. The little blue pastel by Perronneau always has its admirers, and the Greuze heads provide their punctual sweetness.

Room XXII is British and is dominated by Constable, who, although his canvases are small, fills the place with weather. This artist's No. 1819 and No. 1822, more than "The Hay Wain" in the next room, illustrate his influence on French art, which began with the exhibition of "The Hay Wain" at the Louvre in 1824. Old Crome's "Windmill" and Cotman's "Wherries on the Yare" must not be overlooked. David Cox's "Windy Day" is

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP. Millais
Tate Gallery, London

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER. Frans Hals
Wallace Collection, London

superb and Bonington's "Scene in Normandy" has a calm perfection. Turner's oil sketches are like legerdemain. Among the more modern paintings are Alfred Stevens' Mrs. Collmann, Millais' Gladstone, Mr. Sargent's Lord Ribblesdale, Whistler's lovely Blue and Silver Nocturne of the river, Frith's "Derby Day" (which is always the most popular picture in the whole Gallery), and Dyce's "Pegwell Bay," that far finer achievement.

In Room XXIV we find British landscape art at its best, for here are many Constables, Turner's "Frosty Morning," "Crossing the Brook," and "The Fighting Téméraire," and Old Crome's "Mousehold Heath," "The Poringland Oak," and "Moonrise on the Yare." A few portraits are here also, including a new family group by Zoffany, but it is its majestic landscapes that make the room memorable.

Room XXV is the great British portrait saloon, where Reynolds and Gainsborough are the presiding geniuses, with Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl" to prove that British genius did not begin with them. But the most popular picture is Romney's "Lady and Child." Personally I go first to the tender golden Wilsons, and particularly to the little scene called "On the Wye."

Room XXVI for a year has been dedicated chiefly to the brush of Mr. Sargent, whose Wertheimer portraits seem to me to grow more and more remarkable. My favourite is that of the young man in the laboratory. In this room is a perfect

example of George Stubbs, the animal (and landscape) painter, and Gainsborough and Constable may be compared—but surely the Gainsborough is wrongly described? Dedham has no spire. The very tiny Constable is notable for its mileage.

Room XXVII normally belongs to the Italian masters of the decline—Guido Reni, Sassoferrato, Carlo Dolci (with a very popular Madonna and Child), and the woman painter, Sofonisba Anguisciola, who afterwards became blind and whom Van Dyck visited, in her extreme old age, when he was in Sicily in 1624, saying that he learnt more of the principles of art from her conversation than from that of any other artist. In 1924, however, this room was temporarily re-hung with some of the Gallery's earliest possessions.

Room XXVIII is given to Turner. A changeable selection of whose water-colours and unfinished oils is always here, together with the two pictures which he bequeathed to the nation on the condition that they should hang next the two Claudes, which they challenge. When one is alone with a beautiful Claude one is convinced that nothing could be more lovely; but I should put Turner's "Sun rising through Vapour" among the first masterpieces of loveliness in the world.

With Room XXIX (you see how disorderly is the sequence) we return to Italian art at its maturest, and find Michelangelo, with the two tempera pictures that were to have been so wonderful; Correggio with his "Mercury instructing Cupid

before Venus," that brilliant achievement; Raphael, ranging from the little "Vision of a Knight," like a jewel (with its accompanying drawing), and the gay "Procession to Calvary," to the tender Garvagh Madonna; Bronzino, with his dashing Allegory, which so badly needs some of Correggio's power over chiaroscuro; Andrea's "Young Sculptor," so rich and melancholy; Botticelli's "Mars and Venus," all restrained and temperate, so different from the glowing ecstasy of Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procris," which occupies the corresponding position on the other side, and lastly the Filippino Lippi Madonna and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic, that perfect example of an altar-piece.

Finally we come to the Central Dome and its dependencies—Rooms IV, VIII, XI, and XVI—where large altar-pieces congregate. Of these the finest is the Madonna which Raphael painted for the Ansidei and which was set up in the Servite Church in Perugia in 1506. It was bought from the Duke of Marlborough in 1885 for the highest sum then ever paid for a single picture. Other notable works in these rooms are the Crivellis, so full of amusing detail; the very lovely and very early "Coronation of the Virgin," by Taddeo Gaddi, with the exquisite flowered robes; the very early Orcagna; the Botticini "Assumption of the Virgin," with the lilies springing from the tomb and a recognisable Florence in the distance; and altar-pieces by Luca Signorelli, Francia, and Cima.

That list, which every one will like to extend, is interesting for two reasons. For one, it illustrates the range of the collection; for the other, it shows how much has been done with small resources, since out of the large number of works which I have named for their excellence alone less than one-tenth are the result of individual generosity or bequest. All the rest have had to be bought.

The Director, Sir Charles Holmes, to whom the present admirable arrangement of the pictures is due, is himself a landscape painter of genius.

Chapter III: LONDON

Chapter III

LONDON

The Tate, The Wallace, and Other Collections

THE TATE GALLERY

THE Tate Gallery—or more properly the National Gallery, Millbank—is the building in which the work of British artists is preserved, although latterly some modern and recent foreign works have been added, and more are to follow. Its history is one with that of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. In 1890, however, the late Sir Henry Tate, the sugar magnate, offered to build a gallery to take his own collection of Victorian pictures, and to be large enough for the British pictures belonging to the National Gallery too. This offer being gratefully accepted, the National Gallery was divided into two, one half, which we have seen, with its comprehensive representation of all painters, in Trafalgar Square, and the other half, purely British, at Millbank. The building was opened in 1897. Since then new rooms for the Turner pictures have been added, the gift of the late Sir Joseph Duveen, the art dealer, and other extensions are promised, including a room, the gift

of the present Sir Joseph Duveen, in which Mr. Sargent's work is to be assembled, and another for the reception of such modern Continental masters as Cézanne, Van Gogh and Matisse, the main provision for which is a fund inaugurated by Mr. Courtauld.

The Tate Gallery contains the works of the British School moved from Trafalgar Square, the bulk of the pictures in the Turner Bequest, Sir Henry Tate's own sixty-five pictures, and the pictures acquired every year by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. This consisted of a sum of money left by the sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, to the Royal Academy, the interest of which was to be devoted to the encouragement of British art, by purchasing every year, or at longer intervals, not more than five works of art "of the highest merit" executed by British artists, dead or living, who had done the work entirely in Great Britain. The will was made in 1840, but the Fund did not become operative until after Lady Chantrey's death in 1875, when it consisted of £105,000 in 3 per cent consols.

Gifts and loans to the Tate are also constant. In fact, such success has Mr. Aitken, the Director, in persuading connoisseurs to lend or give their treasures, and so catholic is he in his sympathies, that picture-lovers are wise to visit the Tate every week. Something new and arresting will always be found.

LADY WITH A FAN. Velasquez
Wallace Collection, London

GIRL AT A WINDOW. Rembrandt
Dulwich Gallery, London

We will follow the numerical order of the rooms, even though they have little artistic sequence.

No. I contains British portraits and subject pictures of the great period. Here is Hogarth with the "Marriage à la Mode" series, the *Beggar's Opera* scene, the tragic Sophonisba, where he paints too like other people and without his own exquisite touch, and various portraits. Reynolds and Gainsborough are both here, in all their moods: Reynolds ranging from the massive Admiral Keppel to the Infant Samuel, from the demure little Robinetta to the Great Lexicographer. Gainsborough has a large sombre landscape as well as the rapt "Parish Clerk" and the "Musidora Bathing." Romney and Raeburn have typical portraits, and there is a brilliant Benjamin West by Gilbert Stuart, a master of radiance. Light of a more golden lambency irradiates the Richard Wilsons, of which No. 2647 is my favourite. Popular pictures are the two pretty laundry-maids by George Morland's father, and George himself is here with his comfortable fleecy brush.

The little Room II is devoted to the mystical genius of William Blake. Loan pictures are often added to those which the Gallery possesses. Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" also hangs here—a picture painted, like Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," solely for the engraver to work upon, but very warm in colour.

Room III at the time of writing (Spring 1924) is given up to the collection of modern Continental

pictures formed by Mr. William Burrell. It is notable for its many works by Matthew Maris and James Maris, its Daumiers, Degas', and Boudins. I think that Boudin, "The King of Skies," as Corot called him, is almost the hero of the room. A rare French painter named Ribot should excite curiosity. Normally this room contains British landscape, and in particular Constable's. London is indeed very rich in the work of this great pioneer, for we saw twenty and more of his pictures in Trafalgar Square; there are twenty and more here; and at South Kensington we shall find two rooms entirely his. It is interesting to see how French some of his Tate pictures are. David Cox and Bonington are also here.

Room IV is the Pre-Raphaelite room, notable for its work by that group of English painters who, in revolt against the free and easy ways into which their predecessors and contemporaries had fallen, devoted themselves, in the middle of the nineteenth century, chiefly under the stimulus of Holman Hunt, to the effort (in Millais' own words) "to present on canvas what they saw in Nature," and to do so with remorseless fidelity. If one would realise the kind of painting they were trying to supersede one must go to the Sheepshanks rooms at South Kensington. The kind of painting that superseded the Pre-Raphaelite methods can be studied at the Tate.

The principal picture in Room IV is Millais' "Carpenter's Shop," recently acquired, and it is

also one of the Brotherhood's finest achievements. Why it should have aroused such a storm of indignation when it was first exhibited in 1850, it is difficult now to understand. But it did. The drawing for it, on a screen, should be examined too, as the painter's differing schemes of composition are worth comparing.

The tendency of the secondary artists of this School was to put narrative before tone and composition; but the greater exponents are not to be gainsaid. Madox Brown should be sought for, and William Dyce, although his "Pegwell Bay," which we saw in Trafalgar Square, is finer than anything here. The broad sure touch of Alfred Stevens, especially in No. 2132, makes most of the neighbouring work look niggardly. A breezy landscape by Sam Bough is a welcome surprise.

In Room V we find the most fascinating personality of the School—Dante Gabriel Rossetti. And here are several works, finished and unfinished, wistful and lovely, from the hand of Burne-Jones.

Passing to Room VI we find ourselves in the presence of a Titan of the brush—Joseph Mallord William Turner. No one can walk through this and the next rooms without awe and reverence for the glory and magnificence of human power. In Room VI are the finished works, and in Room VII the even more beautiful, if not nobler, unfinished. And then there are two rooms of water-colours; and downstairs a room of his etchings and sepia drawings of or from them, constituting a part of the

Liber Studiorum; and in the passages there are more paintings, each one of which, if isolated, would make its home notable, if not actually a place of pilgrimage. No artist in the world was so steadily and unwearyingly and copiously productive as Turner, not even Rubens.

In Room VI one may see Turner when he was experimenting in the manner of his rivals, of whom he was often jealous. We have already, in Trafalgar Square, been able to study the canvases with which he challenges the Claudes. Here one may see him proving that Old Crome was not the only man who could bathe English scenery in gold—see Nos. 467 and 526.

The most beautiful picture in Room VII is the "Evening Star," No. 1991. It is called "unfinished," but who would have another touch added? Look also at Nos. 2064, 2065, 560, 1986, 559, 2678 and 1989.

Room VIII is given to foreign paintings, of which almost every one is interesting. Boudin again scores. Degas has both portraits and his sand, sea, and sky decoration. Gauguin (whose work is rare in England) has a Tahiti frieze, with his favourite vermilion strong in it. In a more classic manner is the Mere at Evening by Rousseau, where essential peace broods.

I omit the basement rooms because they are too subject to change, and we resume the tour of the gallery with Room XV. Here we find the old Royal Academy favourites of the not too remote

past, such as Frank Dicksee's "Harmony," Leighton's "Bath of Psyche," Luke Fildes' "The Doctor," and Millais' "Yeoman of the Guard" and "The North-West Passage," the navigator in which was painted from E. J. Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley. On screens are Max Beerbohm's ruthless caricatures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers at home.

Room XVI is the big sculpture gallery where Augustus John's vast Donegal cartoon hangs, together with other examples of his dashing handiwork from earliest times, and certain foreign pictures bought with the Courtauld fund. At the time of writing these are by Degas, Manet, and Van Gogh, but re-hanging is imminent.

Room XVII is wholly devoted to the work of G. F. Watts, and many pictures familiar in photogravure all the world over will be found here in the original.

Room XVIII is given to that great and varied genius, Alfred Stevens, specimens of whose superb work as draughtsman, painter, architect, and sculptor may be seen here. Stevens was born at Blandford in Dorset in 1817, and as a young man studied painting and architecture in Rome and Florence, and acted as assistant to the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. He returned to England at the age of twenty-five and entered upon a career as a designer, chiefly of metal work. His greatest feat, which occupied nearly twenty years of constant labour, was the tomb of Wellington in St. Paul's, which

was to be surmounted by the equestrian figure, a cast of which is in the middle of this room. To Stevens' intense disappointment the Dean forbade any equine intrusion into the House of God, and the artist died almost broken-hearted in consequence. That was in 1875. Thirty-six years later, however, under an ecclesiastical dignitary free from hippophobia, the tomb was completed by John Tweed according to the artist's original plan. The circumstance that Belgium also had an Alfred Stevens, a painter of delicate interiors, has led to much confusion. Our Alfred Stevens painted only portraits —some of which are among the glories of the Tate and one of which, of Mrs. Collmann, we saw and admired at the National Gallery—and large mural decorations.

Room XIX has recent Royal Academy work bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and a few earlier pictures. Cecil Lawson's great "Harvest Moon" is here, and Frederick Walker's "Harbour of Refuge." Among the best work is that by Sargent, Orchardson and Flora M. Lion.

In Room XX we find water colours, among the masters to be studied being Müller, Walker again, Pinwell, J. M. Swan and Brabazon.

In Room XXI some of the strongest and most rebellious of the British artists of to-day confront us. If there is anything much more different from the kind of painting that Sir Henry Tate rejoiced in, it would be hard to find. The dominating figure of the room is Augustus John, whose "Smiling

Woman" is the principal picture here. Her smile perhaps comes from listening to the divisions of opinion which her uncompromising directness provokes. Personally I think of her as a masterpiece. Look also at the unfinished sketch from the same sure hand called "Rachel," and also at the small boy's head—"Robin"—so easy and alive. Other pictures—and many of them less likely to lead to contentiousness—that should be sought for are "Miss Jekyll" and a brilliant still-life by William Nicholson; Wilson Steer's landscapes; Whistler's "Old Battersea Bridge," that lovely, lovely thing; and everything by Sir Charles Holmes, Henry Tonks, Sir William Orpen, Sir David (D. Y.) Cameron, J. D. Innes and Ambrose McEvoy. The curious portrait of Lytton Strachey by Henry Lamb will not soon be forgotten.

In Room XXII are picked water-colours by contemporaries. Look for Sargent, Orpen, McEvoy, John Wheatley, J. D. Innes, Brabazon and A. W. Rich (who is the artist depicted in Orpen's "Model").

Room XXIII is sculpture.

Room XXIV contains more Chantrey pictures, and the great Herkomer group of the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy in 1908—of whom how few remain! Works by many of them, however, hang somewhere in this Gallery, while Mr. Sargent has something in the very room in which his commanding form is depicted. Other painters to look for are Arnesby Brown, Brang-

wyn, D. Y. Cameron, W. W. Russell, Oliver Hall, Charles Sims, Orpen and Augustus John.

Upstairs are miscellaneous works, paintings, water-colours and many drawings, including remarkable examples of the genius of Muirhead Bone.

Let me, as we leave the Tate, repeat what I said as we entered it—that loans and new additions are so constant that the picture-lover should make visiting it a habit.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION AT HERTFORD HOUSE

The interest—apart from that of its supreme value—of the Wallace Collection, which comprises furniture, armour and articles of virtù as well as pictures, is that it is mainly the choice of one man, the fourth Marquis of Hertford (1800-70), although a certain number of works of art were added by his heir, Sir Richard Wallace (1818-90), whose taste was similar.

The Marquis of Hertford, as a collector, laid down the maxim that he would acquire "only pleasing pictures." However fine a painting might be technically, if he did not like it—or, in the old phrase, if it did not like him—he would not buy it. We see very quickly how fond he was of Murillo, Greuze, Boucher, Bonington, Delacroix and Meissonier. Perhaps it is fortunate that he put so much faith in his agent Mawson, for some of the greater masterpieces were acquired by his assistance, such as the Velasquezes and Rembrandts.

Photo Giraudon

LE BAIN TURC. Ingres
Louvre, Paris

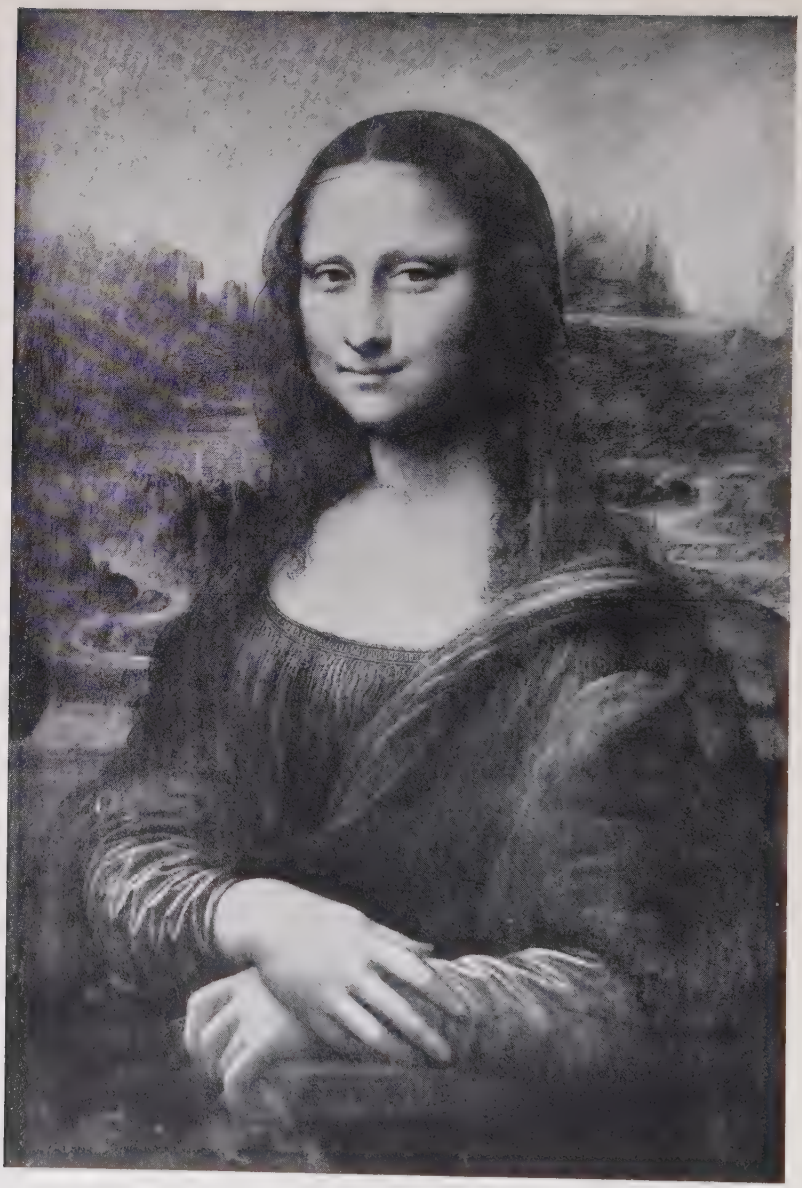

Photo Neurdein

LA JOCONDE—MONNA LISA. Leonardo da Vinci
Louvre, Paris

Let me begin by saying that the catalogue of the Wallace Collection is the best catalogue that I know.

The first room on the first floor is No. XII, where the Canalettos and Guardis hang. The best Canaletto is the view of the Grand Canal with S. Simeone Piccolo, all gravity and sparkle. The most exquisite of the Guardis are No. 494, "The Custom House," and No. 503, "The Rialto."

In Room XIII we come to Holland and find the customary embarrassment of riches. Van Huysum is here with his flowers and miraculous dewdrops; Ruisdael, with a village and landscape; Rembrandt, with a head of a boy, small but great; Hobbema (who never fails), with a water mill; Cuyp, with two horsemen at a tavern; Paul Potter, with an almost uncomfortably real landscape with cattle. And here are two painters less often met with and both fine: Wilhem Drost, with a portrait of a young woman, and Joannes Van Noordt, with a pretty boy and a hawk. But I am not sure that Netscher's "Lace-Maker" is not the real gem of the room.

Room XIV is also Dutch, and here perhaps the Terburg "Lady reading a Letter" is the masterpiece. Other painters to look for are Cuyp, with an "Avenue," a little in the manner of the famous Hobbema at the National Gallery; the trustworthy Wouwerman, No. 218; Jan van der Heyden, No. 225; Rembrandt, whose landscape recalls the work of his friend Seghers; and Maes, with a rich in-

terior. Look for the Jan Steens, each with something exquisite in it (such as the lovely blue and yellow and grey of No. 150); the Brouwer, without any of his favourite colours; and lastly the "Woman Cooking," by a very rare painter, Esaias (or L.) Boursse, who shared the peculiarity common to most Dutch painters, of being able to paint as well as any other Dutch painter in his own line.

In Room XV we find those contemporary French artists in whom Lord Hertford so much delighted, together with the works of that Englishman who gave more than one of these—and in particular Delacroix—their impulse: Richard Parkes Bonington. The accomplishment of Bonington could not be better illustrated than here. My own favourites are Nos. 273, 340, and 351. In No. 362 he seems to combine Constable with the Turner of the "Frosty Morning" at the National Gallery. The other English painter here is Lawrence, in No. 41 very like Raeburn, but in No. 558 himself absolutely. Rousseau's great landscape is more authentic than Corot's. That fine draughtsman Prud'hon, so seldom seen in England, is here, and another French painter and colourist also rare in England may be admired too—Couture.

We now enter the big room, No. XVI, where the chief treasures are to be found. On the right we find the two Rembrandt groups, Susanne van Collen with her daughter, and Jean Pellicorne (her husband) with his son: two of the finest portrait groups in existence. Between them are a Cuyp

and a Hobbema. There is a charming Dutch girl by Mierevelt, a Velasquez (or perhaps it is by Del Mazo, his son-in-law), Reynolds' stately Mrs. Carnac, and then the famous Rembrandt, "The Unmerciful Servant," with its wonderful light and shade and drama. Perhaps the picture that comes next is the most popular of all, Frans Hals' "Laughing Cavalier"; but I have always thought the title a misnomer, for it is rather a sneer than a laugh. In all the pictures by Hals that we are going to see, none is more carefully painted or subtly finished than this. Two Van Dycks on this wall should be taken together: the glorious full-lengths of Philippe le Roy and his beautiful wife. Between them is the melancholy unforgettable "Lady with a Fan" by Velasquez; another Hobbema; Reynolds' little Miss Bowles with her dog; and one of the best of Rembrandt's many portraits of his son Titus. A little farther on is another fine Reynolds, "Mrs. Nesbit with a Dove," and near it one of Rubens' "rainbow" landscapes, with half of Flanders in the distance, and one of Peter de Hooch's sublimated interiors. After a perfect Cuyp, No. 138, a Claude, all hush and beauty, No. 114, and a dashing Jordaens, miscalled Rubens, we come to some genuine Rubens sketches, which pave the way to his masterpieces on the fourth wall —the "Holy Family" and "Christ's Charge to St. Peter," where he is more vivid and brilliant almost than in any work by him that, as we move through the Galleries of Europe, we are going to see—and

we shall see a thousand at least. The other notable works on this wall are the two Velasquezes—Don Balthazar Carlos as a stocky but important child, and Don Balthazar Carlos, a little older, on a prancing pony—a magnificent thing; the two Reynolds: the charming Mrs. Richard Hoare with her infant son, and the even more charming and masterly Nelly O'Brien with her infant poodle; and, finally, the very popular little Miss Haverfield by Reynolds' great rival, Gainsborough.

In Room XVII we find a few Italian Old Masters, the two favourite pictures being the very fine Andrea del Sarto, one of his best works, and the benignly sweet Luini, "The Virgin of the Columbine." The fresco of the little boy reading, by Foppa, is delightful, and there is a very Spanish and very maternal Madonna by Murillo. The allegory by Pourbus is perhaps not worth elucidation, but its northern hardness is an interesting contrast to the Italians. A good Bronzino portrait also hangs here.

In Room XVIII we come to the Fête Champêtre school which Lord Hertford so greatly fancied, Watteau, Lancret, Pater and Boucher all being here. The fore-shortening of the sleeping shepherdess in No. 385 is terrific. Here also is Greuze, with some typical sugary innocents, the delicious Fragonard in some of his best moods, and Madame Vigée le Brun with a merry boy in red.

In Room XIX we find Boucher again. In Room XX a French painter rare in England is found:

Louis Leopold Boilly (1761-1845), who was something of a Hogarth and something of a Frith and is very valuable to historical students of his time. Beside him hangs a George Morland, with a kindred subject but a more voluptuous treatment. The "Hunt Breakfast" by Jean François de Troy is very animated.

Between Rooms XX and XXI is a selection of water-colours by Bonington, both landscape and historical groups, and again one marvels at the perfection and range of this hand—stilled at the age of twenty-seven.

The principal pictures in Room XXI are two portraits by Cornelis de Vos, and in the Rotunda adjoining it, the Greuzes.

Downstairs there are few pictures, but the famous beauty, "Perdita" Robinson, may be compared in the treatment she received from the rival brushes of Reynolds and Romney, and here and there are some attractive Nattiers and other French portraits. A little Landseer and a little Clarkson Stanfield indicate how much better these minor masters could paint than many of their contemporaries.

On the top floor are many water-colours.

SOUTH KENSINGTON

We think of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington primarily as a treasure house of applied and plastic art. But it has its pictures too, and the most valuable of them—indeed they are be-

yond all price—are seven of the original cartoons by Raphael which were made for reproduction in tapestry for the Sistine Chapel. The tapestries now hang in the Vatican. There were ten in all, depicting scenes from the Acts of the Apostles, but three have been lost. The seven at South Kensington are the property of the King. The master was undoubtedly helped by pupils, but the designs are his. The liveliness and splendour of these great illustrations are equally remarkable. I think that my own favourite is the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," with its pleasant lake landscape.

South Kensington is next noteworthy for its unique collection of British water-colours, which are arranged in a series of rooms in chronological order so as to give rapidly an idea of the development of water-colour art in England: beginning with the Sandby brothers and Edwin Dayes, who were topographical draughtsmen first and artists second, to the great early masters, J. R. Cozens, Turner and Girtin; and thence to Bonington, Cotman, Peter de Wint, on to Tom Collier, E. M. Wimperis, and so to our own day and the work of Brabazon, Sir D. Y. Cameron, D. S. MacColl, T. L. Shoosmith, and Wilson Steer.

The student will make the same discovery with regard to British water-colour painting that I have mentioned with regard to Dutch painting of the seventeenth century, and that is the surprisingly large number of executants who were capable of very nearly first-class work. Again and again in

these South Kensington rooms one is called to a halt by a remarkable work by an unknown man.

After the water-colours the most valuable possession of the museum in the domain of painting is the collection of Constable's work, chiefly given or bequeathed by the painter's daughter Isabel. But for Constable's inability to sell his pictures during his lifetime (one of the mysteries of the universe) this collection could not be what it is. Here you may see him in every stage of his career, and there was hardly a moment in it when he was not inspired, and never a moment when he was not either actually or mentally recording the beauty of the visible world. With memories of "The Hay Wain" at the National Gallery still in our minds, it is interesting to find here the amazing first version of it, where paint really does convey not only the sights of summer but its sounds and even its movement. The main Constable room is No. XCIX. A second room—a section of No. CIV—leading from it contains a selection of his water-colours.

From the Constable room we gain the rooms—XCVIII and XCVII—where the Sheepshanks collection is placed. John Sheepshanks was a wool merchant who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century and bought the work of his contemporaries —the principal R.A.'s of that time. His favourites were Landseer, C. R. Leslie, and Clarkson Stanfield, who are strongly represented here. But every early Victorian painter of domestic interest is to be found too.

The best pictures in Room XCVIII are, however, the Turners—showing the giant in his more conventional moods, but very beautiful—and a series of oil landscapes by Peter de Wint, one of which, "A Cornfield," is a really great achievement. In Room XCVII we find two admirable portraits by Raeburn: Mr. and Mrs. Hobson of Markfield; and a "Shepherd Watching his Sheep" on Mousehold Heath by Old Crome—a curious colour scheme that haunts the eye long after one leaves.

Room XCVI is miscellaneous and is notable for its Wilsons; a very attractive view of the Thames by Paul Sanby, in oils; and portraits of royal and other beauties by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence. A tiny study of trees by William Hunt should be looked for: No. 440.

The next room—XCV—has miscellaneous water-colours, including work by Boudin, Josef Israels, Bosboom, and Mol.

Three or four collectors of pictures left their possessions to the Museum, the most notable being John Forster, the biographer of Dickens; the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the scholar, and Forster's great friend; and Constantine Ionides, a Greek resident in England. Forster's best, or most interesting, pictures—in Room LXXXIII—are Northcote's portrait of Sir Joshua, a lady by Sir Joshua himself, a pretty Greuze, many drawings by Thackeray and Maclise, Thomas Carlyle by G. F. Watts, Charles Dickens by W. P. Frith, and still another

version (there are two at the National Gallery) of Gainsborough's two little girls, from their father's hand. Among Dyce's pictures—in Room LXXXI—are water-colours by Rowlandson and J. R. Cozens, and oils by Romney (the "Serena"), Gilbert Stuart (a portrait of Henderson the Actor), Cornelius Janssens (the portrait of John Donne), by Richard Wilson and Samuel Scott.

The Ionides Collection fills three rooms, of which No. XCIII has original drawings, chiefly by Daumier and Legros, and Rembrandt etchings; and No. XCI a number of portraits of the Ionides family by G. F. Watts, together with examples of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. The most interesting room is No. XCII, which comes between these and has the miscellaneous foreign work. It is strongest in the Frenchmen of the last century—Millet, Ingres, Courbet—but is modern enough to include Degas. Among the masterpieces is a landscape by Koninck; and the rarer works comprise two Le Nains. A set of studies of cattle by Paul Potter should be looked for; and there is an interesting view of Geneva by Bonington, with the lake seen through an arch, a picture within a picture.

Elsewhere, on stairs and landings in the neighbourhood of the very important Art Library, which any one may visit, are designs by Burne-Jones. Note especially that lovely one for the *Roman de la Rose*. An early Millais—done when he was only fifteen or sixteen—should be sought as a curiosity.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

In the gallery attached to the Print Room of the British Museum there is always an exhibition of recent acquisitions, and other drawings or engravings of value, while visitors are permitted to study at the desks whatever original work they may desire —provided that they have first obtained a ticket. There is also a permanent exhibition of Chinese painting; and the Japanese prints are frequently changed.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

The National Portrait Gallery, although primarily a gallery of portraits chosen for the importance of their subject rather than their treatment, contains some magnificent work, from early Tudor times, through Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and Hogarth, down to Reynolds and Gainsborough, Lawrence and Raeburn; and so to such recent masterpieces as Sargent's Coventry Patmore and Henry James. No one should miss Bastien Lepage's Henry Irving.

BURLINGTON HOUSE

I have referred more than once to the Diploma Gallery at the top of Burlington House. Two treasures make a visit imperative: the cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci and the marble relief of the Madonna and Child by Michelangelo. It also has the diploma pictures which all R. A.s have to paint

as a votive offering to the Academy, and some of these are very interesting. Among the presentations that have been made to the Gallery is the famous "Leaping Horse" by Constable.

THE DULWICH GALLERY

The Dulwich Gallery houses a curiously mixed collection of pictures, with two or three of outstanding merit. The earliest pictures were brought together by Edward Alleyn, the actor and theatrical manager, who founded Dulwich College and died in 1626. They are chiefly portraits and are negligible as art. Then came William Cartwright, actor and bookseller, and he also gave or bequeathed portraits. The next collector was the Frenchman named Desenfans, of whom I have already said something in connexion with the National Gallery. Not being able to sell the pictures which he had bought for the King of Poland before his abdication, but had not delivered, he bequeathed them to his friend Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, R.A., who added to them, restored them, and in his turn bequeathed them to Dulwich College. The remains of Bourgeois, Desenfans and Mrs. Desenfans lie in the mausoleum attached to the Gallery. It was in the eighteen-thirties that the Gainsboroughs were added, through the association of the Rev. Ozias Thurston Linley, as organist to the college.

The jewels of the Dulwich Gallery are the "Girl at a Window" by Rembrandt and "Philip IV" by Velasquez. After these, taking the excellent cata-

logue in numerical order, look at the Weenix "Landscape with Figures," No. 47, the figures being possibly the work of a different hand; No. 50, by Brekelenkam, that interesting pupil of Gerard Dou, and through him a derivative of Rembrandt; No. 56, a little masterpiece by Gerard Dou himself, close to the beautiful Rembrandt; No. 78, a truly excellent example of a painter whom I am rather taking for granted all through this book, for he is represented in almost every gallery—Philip Wouwerman, famous for his battle or bivouac pieces, always with a white horse. How many he painted, I have no idea: many hundreds if not thousands; but none is better than this Dulwich work. We resume with No. 87, a typical Hobbema; No. 99, a little living portrait by Rembrandt; No. 114, a vivid little landscape by Jan Wynants; No. 156 by Watteau, and by some writers considered his finest work; No. 168, two windmills by Jacob Ruisdael, a favourite with Constable, who copied it; No. 170, a Van Dyck portrait; No. 171, a lovely Wilson; No. 173, another Van Dyck portrait—"A Knight" with woman's hands; No. 182, another admirable Wouwerman; Nos. 186 and 189, dashing sketches by Tiepolo; No. 197, a little seascape, filled with the light of day, by W. van de Velde; No. 199, Murillo's "Flower Girl," one of the special treasures of the Gallery; Nos. 205 and 215, two silver Claudes; No. 210, a leafy Ruisdael; No. 216 a Salvator Rosa of an unusual kind, for here is a spirited realistic gambling scene, with a soldier

in armour set down by a masterly hand; and No. 234, the best of the Nicolas Poussins.

The most popular of the British pictures is the portrait of Queen Victoria when she was a quaint little figure of four in a hat much too big for her. Its value, however, is sentimental rather than artistic. The best British pictures as works of art are the Gainsboroughs, the Hogarths and the Reynolds. For the many Gainsboroughs alone this gallery must be visited; and the Hogarth "Fishing Party" is a gem.

Chapter IV: PARIS

Photo Neurdein

LES PÈLERINS D'EMMAUS. Rembrandt
Louvre, Paris

Photo Giraudon

LE BÉNÉDICITÉ. Chardin
Louvre, Paris

Chapter IV

PARIS

I. The Louvre: Old Masters

TO compare the Louvre as a whole with the National Gallery would be absurd. In order to institute any fair comparison one would have to take on the one side the Louvre and on the other the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. It must be understood, then, that by the Louvre I mean here the rooms in the Louvre that are given to painting.

It is possible to walk through the whole of the London National Gallery on a single visit without fatigue; although of course not possible, in so doing, to be just to the pictures. But it is not possible, without extreme fatigue, to do this at the Louvre—I refer to its picture rooms only—and no one ought to try. The picture rooms at the Louvre are so numerous, so varied, so widely divided by corridors and stairs, that several visits are essential, even by those who like to get their effects rapidly.

In this chapter I shall refer only to pictures of the Old Masters—Italian, Flemish, Spanish and Dutch.

In the chapter that follows I shall refer to the general pictures at the Louvre and to the few British works that hang among them.

A third chapter I shall devote to the other public picture galleries of Paris.

The Louvre naturally is numerically strongest in French painting, as the National Gallery is numerically strongest in British painting. It has finer examples of every French painter than we have, just as we have finer examples of our own school. Each of us has, however, a certain amount of the other's work, and the Louvre possesses an example of Bonington—a full-size portrait of an old lady—such as I have never seen in England at all. Its Constables are also very interesting, and looking at them it is easy to see how great an influence both he and Bonington exerted on the susceptible young artists who went to the Salon of 1824 and were captivated by the bold and faithful English work there. But for the presence of Constable ("The Hay Wain") and Bonington, but especially Constable, at that exhibition, all French landscape painting since might be very different and the Barbizon School might never have arisen.

In the other scale we may put Claude, who at any rate is not surpassed at the Louvre by the two pictures—the "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" and the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba"—which

Turner selected as perpetual rivals to his own genius in the National Gallery. For the rest, it has to be admitted that neither the National Gallery nor the Louvre gives any adequate representation of its neighbour's art. One or two of our Poussins are great, but there is nothing to compare with the Louvre's finest examples. To some extent the deficiency is made good by the display of the Fête Champêtre School in the Wallace Collection, where also may be found further examples of Rigaud and Champaigne and other of the great French portrait painters.

The Louvre was not built for a picture gallery, but it has been well adapted. One of the advantages of this lack of scientific structure is that there are occasionally windows at which one may rest and refresh the vision tried by the exacting task of constant refocussing. How pleasant are the glimpses of the Tuileries thus gained; of the Arno and the hills about Florence, from the Uffizi; of the Theatre-Platz and the Elbe at Dresden! Our National Gallery offers none.

The foundations of the collections of the Louvre were laid by Louis XI, who, when in alliance with the Medici against Pope Sixtus, became an enthusiast for Italian painting and persuaded artists to join his service. His son Charles VIII followed in his footsteps, but it remained for Francis I (whose portrait by Titian is in the gallery) to provide the finest works. He it was who, in addition to countless other pictures from Italy, acquired

Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" and gave the old painter a home in the Château of Amboise to end his days in; he was the employer also of Cellini and of Andrea del Sarto, who, the story goes, on returning to Italy with funds to purchase more pictures for the Royal collection, used the money to build a new house. Louis XIV, many years later, had similar enthusiasms and bought pictures freely, including Mazarin's collection, so that early in the eighteenth century the "Cabinet du Roi" contained more than 2000 paintings alone, as well as a vast number of drawings. One of the acts of the Revolutionists was to convert the Louvre into a Musée Nationale, which, under Napoleon, reached its highest level, for his generals had orders to bring back works of art from whatever countries they conquered. Much of this loot was restored to its earlier owners, and very interesting would be a list of what we might see now but for this act of restitution; much remained in Paris.

Since Napoleon's day many valuable bequests of large collections have been made, chiefly the La Caze collection in 1869, numbering nearly 300 pictures, among them many Chardins. Single additions are frequent. In walking through the rooms I always look for the label which states that the picture is the gift of the Société des Amis du Louvre, that excellent group of enthusiasts who have enriched it at every turn. The English National Art-Collections Fund does similar work,

but differs in not confining its benefactions to any one gallery.

The Louvre, which was free until a year or so ago, now makes a charge of a franc. This is a legacy of the war, which, in part, London inherited too. One would like to see all galleries free, except possibly on students' days, and my own hope is that a return to the old generous—or rather just —routine may not be long delayed. Not all the Louvre, it should be noted, is now open every day; a restriction due, I imagine, to the cost of the attendants. On one day, for example, the little cabinets containing the small Dutch pictures cannot be seen; on another, the Camondo collection; and so on. Some rooms, even then, do not open till two. It is all very confusing and also disappointing. A time-table, it is true, is fixed at the entrance, but that is a poor consolation to a visitor in a hurry bent upon another sight of Van Eyck's "Vierge au Donateur" or Vermeer's "Dentellière" downstairs, or Corot's "Fillette à sa Toilette," or Sisley's "Floods at Marly" on high. Few disappointments are more acute than, after making one's plans to see a certain picture, to find it surrounded by barbed red-tape. Possibly, however, as the world's finances improve, all the rooms will be on view again all the time and all free.

In the old days of the Salon Carré one knew at a glance what the Louvre authorities considered to be their finest foreign treasures, for they were there; but under the new arrangement they are dis-

tributed, and the Salon Carré is now the domain chiefly of Paolo Veronese. Here is his great "Feast in the House of Simon," so spacious and cool and unreligious, with the girl peeping round the pillar at the right to give it a realistic touch; here is his so unlikely treatment of the disciples at Emmaus (how different from the Rembrandt we are coming to, in one of the little rooms!) with the charming group of children with a dog in the foreground. Here also is Titian's "Entombment," so fine in arrangement and colour, and Titian's "Antiope," which might easily be divided into two pictures, hanging near Correggio's daring version of the same legend, where the artist revels in the difficulties of fore-shortening. Two other pictures that must be seen are the "Holy Family" painted by Raphael for Francis I, and Tintoretto's "Susanna in the Bath," with very Venetian elders spying.

On the way to the Salon Carré from the stairs which the "Winged Victory" dominates, we find, I should have said, the two Ingres, separated in time by a life-time of years, the Memling, the Antonio Mor portraits and the sweet Luini frescoes.

Before beginning on the long gallery we ought to examine the Italian primitive room on the right, where we pass from Cimabue and Giotto to Uccello and Fra Angelico. Giotto's synthetical life of St. Francis is very interesting, and later we find this painter's portrait, together with those of Donatello, Manetti, Brunelleschi and Uccello himself in a work from Uccello's hand. For quaintness look at

the Sano di Pietro and the Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. The Fra Angelico predella scenes are charming. But the two favourite pictures here are the Ghirlandaio—the old priest, so bulbous and tender, and the little acolyte—and the very simple and beautiful Alessio Baldovinetti "Madonna and Child." The two cities in the Mainardi "Madonna and Child" are Venice and—what? Pesellino's "Nativity" should not be missed.

And now for the long gallery, which is of a formidable length and has, weak walkers will quickly realise, two sides; but until one comes to the centre the left side is of chief importance; and then again the right side is comparatively negligible until one comes to the Dutch section at the end.

The central compartment of the long gallery is the new Salon Carré and on the way thither the best pictures on the right are perhaps the Andrea del Sartos, the Franciabigio portrait of the wistful young man, and a brilliantly gay Correggio, opposite Leonardo's "John the Baptist." Opposite the Tintorettos is a very curious work which I mention for its realism rather than its beauty, a "Repose of the Holy Family," that favourite subject, by Lomi, called "Il Gentileschi" (1562-1646), in which Joseph sleeps with a thoroughness surpassing even that of the disciples in Mantegna's "Agony in the Garden" which we saw at the National Gallery, while the Child is a Hercules. Behind is a Con-

stable sky. A most strange picture altogether, and I think of nothing with which to compare it.

Beginning on the left side we come quickly to a group of Mantegnas, all arrestingly full of that intellectual force which he brought to his brush. The masterpiece is perhaps the St. Sebastian, whose martyrdom had a fascination for this painter.

The best Leonardos, Raphaels, and Titians are segregated in the new Salon Carré but there are others on the left wall *en route*. The Leonardos include another version of "The Virgin of the Rocks," and "La Belle Ferronnière," as his portrait of a girl is called: a work of faultless modelling, but age has yellowed it. His John the Baptist in the wilderness and his Bacchus (so disconcertingly alike) are here too; and about him are his followers—Solario, Boltraffio, Luini, all suave and sensuous. The Raphaels include the magnificent portrait of Balthasar Castiglione, one of the finest pictures in the Louvre, and the Madonna known as "La Belle Jardinière"; the Titians, the "Vierge au Lapin" which always has a crowd before it, and rightly, for it is both charming in conception and captivating in colour; the "Man with a Glove," another of the glories of the gallery, and the golden portrait of Laura. Other Venetian work of great splendour includes a "Holy Family" by Sebastiano del Piombo, when he was still under the spell of Giorgione; and "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Palma; and a wonderful sketch for a "Calvary" by Paolo Veronese, a symphony in yel-

Photo Giraudon

MADAME MANET ON A SOFA. Manet
Louvre, Paris

Photo Hanfstaengl

LA BERGÈRE GARDANT SES MOUTONS. Millet
Louvre, Paris

Photo Neurdein

LE VALLON. Corot
Louvre, Paris

Photo Giraudon

THE FLOODS AT MARLY. Sisley

Louvre, Paris

low. And here I must mention the two brilliant Tiepolo studies on a revolving screen in a window near by.

In the new Salon Carré we find Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" with its usual band of worshippers. There she is once more, after her vicissitudes, smilingly inscrutable as ever. Beside her is Raphael, with his "Jeanne d'Aragon" and two little gem-like pictures painted at the same time as the "Vision of a Knight" in the London National Gallery, when he was still only a youth; and here is Correggio with his lovely "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine"; and Giorgione with his burning "Concert Champêtre," which was one of the first of the new pictures, painted for the sake of sheer beauty rather than of religion, and is still unsurpassed. The Titian chosen for this central compartment is the allegory painted in honour of Alphone d'Avalos, while on a screen is Leonardo's tender "Virgin and Child with St. Anne" group, the drawing for which we saw at Burlington House.

On the back of the "St. Anne" screen hangs a work which brings us at a stride from the soft rapture of Italy into the hard brilliance of Spain—an altar-piece by El Greco, which, the more one sees it, the more it holds the eye. His portrait of Philip hangs close by and by its want of the graces of flattery perhaps accounts for the shortness of El Greco's career as a court painter; but its liveliness and power and fierce intensity are not to be denied. After a number of Riberas, of which the

portrait of the smiling clubfoot boy is the best known, we come to Murillo, who is here in all his moods, rapt and realistic, and doubtless if Maréchal Soult (that picture dealer at the point of the bayonet) had had his way with Madrid as with Seville, there would be Velasquezes in profusion here too. One of the latest acquisitions, by the way, is a study of a dead turkey to which Velasquez' name is given. I am not qualified to question the ascription.

The Murillos comprise the famous "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin" which represents the mother of Christ as she was seen in a vision by a pious Portuguese nun, Beatrix da Silva. It represents the mother of Christ being, so to speak, born to her divine destiny at the age of fourteen or so. The vision was accepted by the Church—or at any rate by the Spanish section of the Church—and it became a favourite subject with painters. Murillo has many versions. It must not for a moment be confused with the "Assumption" of the Virgin.

In another picture Murillo, with some charming touches of realism, depicts the Virgin as an infant; but his most delightful work is that known as "La Cuisine des Anges" (really two pictures), the right half of which shows him at his best with its little winged kitchen maids among the food and fruit, the jugs and dishes. Not even Velasquez could have surpassed that table-load of bowls.

A few Goyas bring the Spanish group to an end.

We then enter the Low Countries, where the

three great Flemings—Rubens, Van Dyck and Jordaens—are to be found on each side of the gallery. More of the work of all three awaits us, but I will name here the Rubens sketch of his wife and two children, so dashing in manner although fading in colour, and on the opposite wall the two Jordaens groups, one of them depicting the Drinking King, of whom I say more in the chapter on Brussels.

Next, the Dutch compartment where Rembrandt rules. Every picture from that strong, sombre and yet poetical brush must be examined. My own favourite is the "Venus and Cupid," which might more appropriately have a title that bears purely upon the affection of mother and child. This is in the centre of the left wall, on which Ruisdael and Hobbema are also to be found. Opposite is Frans Hals, with formal portraits and the free and easy "Bohémienne," that truly living presentment of a merry girl.

The next room is the palatial salon of Van Dyck, where we find the famous portrait of Charles I beside his horse, with the gathering clouds behind, and the delicate portrait of the Duke of Richmond, and in the far corner a beautiful mother and child from the same distinguished hand, together with other of his works, some of them altar-pieces; and here is the brilliant fleshly Jordaens, with "Christ expelling the money-changers," and here is Rubens again, with landscapes as well as figures; but for Rubens at his most spirited, splendid and—shall I add?—absurd (look at the fat oarswomen rowing

without rowlocks) you must enter the next Salon, which is wholly his and contains his series of courtier-compliments to Marie de Médicis, who emerges from the flattering attentions of his brush little lower than the angels.

I do not advise, except for fun, much tarrying in this florid apartment, but rather a descent to the little rooms on each side of it where some of the greatest (although smallest) treasures of the Louvre are to be found.

Beginning with the rooms on the left from the doorway between the Van Dyck Salon and the Marie de Médicis Salon, we come to the Dutch School.

In the first room proper you will find Brouwer's "Smoker"; a Nicholas Maes interior, an old woman saying grace; the first of the Van Goyen landscapes; the first of the Jan Steens—a family feasting; and a pleasant landscape—the plain of Haarlem under a fleecy blue sky—by a painter not often seen on our travels, Joris van der Hagen, one of the good second-best workmen of that wonderful period in Holland, who died in 1669.

In the next room is a picture by Pieter Lastmann, another of the good second-bests, and of peculiar interest because he was the young Rembrandt's master: the "Sacrifice of Abraham." A young man by David Bailly and two very good Ostades should be looked at.

In Room III—the best of the Dutch series—we come to the great master Rembrandt himself, the

beautiful "Pilgrims at Emmaus" dominating all. This always seems to me to be one of the supreme possessions of the Louvre. There are other Rembrandts, including two philosophers in their murky studies; a little "Holy Family," a gem; and the "Tobit" with the marvellous flying angel. Rembrandt's pupil, Gerard Dou, is also here, with a fine example. One of the two Van der Hagen landscapes has a sky like Vermeer's "View of Delft" at the Hague, and here is Vermeer himself in what, for charm and delicate witchery, is perhaps the very jewel of these cabinets—"La Dentellière." Note how the odds and ends of embroidery are painted. Surely it is magic? There is also a good snow scene by Adrian van der Velde.

In the next room—No. XXIII—we find the other Vermeer, the landscape painter of Haarlem. Another landscape painter of power, but not well known, is Pieter de Bloot. A big Jan Steen is here, and the most famous of the Gerard Dous—"La Femme Hydropique"—with amazing details, all so small and yet large. There are some of the little charming Dutch painters too, of whom I say little in these pages, but who have a constant appeal by their grace and comeliness and perfection of method and who are in numerical strength in almost every gallery in Europe—Poelenburg, Berchem, Karel du Jardin, Jan Wynants. A Metsu white jug should be looked for and the view of Scheveningen by Van de Velde.

In Room XXIV is the best of the Jan Steens—

low life, marvellously painted. A rare painter, Zachteleven (1606-81), has a fine portrait, and the detail in the Thomas de Keyser portrait should be examined.

In Room XXV we find an arresting portrait of a girl by Govaert Flinck, one of Rembrandt's followers. Here is Terburg's famous "Concert," with the comely red-lipped boy carrying the beer. A Bol portrait is good, and Metsu is found to have yet another dangerous rival in Ary de Vois (1631-80).

Room XXVI has the best of the Van Goyens, that serene painter, and a glorious Paul Potter. The accomplished Wouwerman is in good form too; but the surprise is (again) the excellence of some of the less-known masters of interiors, such as Jan Verkolie (1650-93), Slingelandt (1640-91) and Bega (1620-64). Truly every one in Holland had the seed in those days! There is an excellent Heda —nuts, glass and silver, and a Rembrandtesque Ostade.

In XXVII, the last of the Dutch rooms, we find Metsu doing still-life as well as his rivals, and a painter new to me, Breenbergh (1599-1659), with some attractive classical landscapes; also what I guess to be the earliest picture with tea-drinking as its theme, by F. Van Mieris.

It was while crossing the passage to the other series of cabinets that I once met an English tourist about to adventure on the rooms I had just left. Addressing his weary wife, in a strong north-coun-

try accent, he said, "You sit down while I look round. If there's anything, I'll call you."

The vestibule of the little room on the other side —No. XXVIII—has early works of the School of Catalan.

Then in Room XXIX we find some of the Louvre's masterpieces. Here is the beautiful triptych of John the Baptist, Christ between the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, and the Magdalen, by Rogier de la Pasture, or, as he is better known, Roger van der Weyden; one of the most exquisite pictures in the world. Here also is a triptych by Memling, with the sleeping soldiers in it, and an angel removing the lid of the tomb, and Christ rising; and Memling's John the Baptist and the Magdalen; and two very fine Dirk Bouts, one of the Virgin and Child with pinks given by that friend of the Louvre, Mr. Walter Gay; and, perhaps above all, the Jan van Eyck Virgin and Child with the donor on the ramparts of a tower, and an enchanted town and bridge and river seen from it. Whatever else one has to miss at the Louvre, this little room must be visited.

In Room XXX we find the kindly Jehan Carondelet as painted by Mabuse, and the curiously convincing (although so Belgian) "Marriage in Cana" by Gerard David, and three works by that disquieting realist Old Brueghel, including one—a farm scene—that might be hung in any modern exhibition and excite only surprise by its merit and lead to no suspicion of its age. Here also is the

fascinating anonymous head of Charles V. But the picture that wins most attention is that of the banker and his wife by Quinten Matsys, where the Antwerp master proves his power both as a great painter and a miniaturist. Having looked at it from across the room, examine the details: the illuminated missal which the wife was reading until her husband asked her opinion; the rings on the little finger of her right hand; the articles on the shelves: the diminishing mirror in which is reflected the street and also—possibly—a would-be thief!

In Room XXXI is an adorable little picture by the Master of the Death of Mary.

In Room XXXII we find a quaint but charming synthetical work by an unknown German painter, with the quaintest groups of angels singing to music, and many amusing accessories. Other early German painters represented here are Ludger Tom Ring the Older, whom we shall meet again in Berlin, and Gumpolt Giltinger with an Adoration.

In Room XXXIII we come to those later German masters, Holbein and Dürer, both with fine examples.

In Room XXXIV the great Flemings again confront us, the new Van Dyck, a flute player, painted with power and freedom, having the place of honour. There is a nice little landscape by Rubens and a characteristic Siberechts.

In Room XXXV Rubens has some brave sketches and there is an impressive head of an old

Photo Giraudon

LE FOYER DE LA DANSE. Degas
Paris

Photo Giraudon

YACHT RACE AT ARGENTEUIL. Claude Monet

Luxembourg, Paris

man by Van Dyck, and another head, larger than life, by Mol.

And here, since for drawings I have no space to say anything, we must leave the Louvre's Old Masters.

Chapter V: PARIS

Chapter V

PARIS

II. The Louvre: French Pictures

THE French pictures in the Louvre are scattered. I will begin with those in the rooms that are always open.

The earliest are in Room IX, which leads out of the long gallery on the right, and are very primitive.

In Room X is the famous Pietà of the School of Avignon in the fifteenth century, a work of painful but compelling austerity. Here also are other ecclesiastical paintings in tempera on wood, including a too realistic representation of the martyrdom of St. Denis, with a terrible executioner at work.

In Room XI we come to portraits by the Clouets and their followers. Note No. 1036, "Henri III at the Cross." The School of Fontainebleau "Venus at her Toilet" is interesting. The portrait of a botanist by François Clouet should be sought for.

Room XII is dominated by those strange figures, the three brothers Le Nain, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century and were original members of the French Academy, but of whom

little is known. Although they were themselves French their subjects suggest Holland and their methods Spain. The "Reunion" of peasants has some admirable drawing and painting of still-life in it. The colour scheme of the Le Nains is always curious.

We cross the landing by the Escalier Mollien and now enter Room XIV where the great classical French painters of the eighteenth century are to be found, notably the Poussins and Claude. The Claudes at the National Gallery, not only those which hang in challenge next the two Turners, but others too, are not inferior to the best here; but when it comes to Nicolas Poussin the Louvre wins easily. We have nothing to put beside the glorious "Inspiration of a Poet" or "The Shepherds of Arcady" or "The Funeral of Phocion." The portrait of the great painter, by himself, is among his work.

Among the Rigauds is the sumptuous larger-than-life Louis XIV. Note also the portrait of Bossuet. A rare painter with a powerful hand, something in the manner of Jordaens, is Blanchard, whose "Cimon and Iphigenia" is very finely drawn.

We now cross Room XV, which has a screen on which the latest acquisitions are placed and must therefore always be visited. Otherwise it is not remarkable, the permanent pictures being *fêtes champêtres* and so forth by Van Loo and his companions.

Room XVI is popular chiefly for its Chardins,

which are in profusion. I can name only a few, but among the still-life studies, No. 101, a jug and pipe, and No. 102, fruit, should be seen, and of course the charming domestic groups, "Le Bénédicité" and "La Mère Laborieuse." There are also some delightful portraits, such as the little Gabriel Godefroy spinning a top, and on the opposite side, "Le Siffleur," a Rembrandtesque figure.

Look for a delicate little portrait of an artist by Lépicié, who is better known as an engraver. Among other good portraits are those by Duplessis, Tocqué and Nattier, of women, and M. de la Marche by Danloux.

The landscape painter Vernet, who did much to turn Richard Wilson from portraits to romantic scenery, has some Roman views not a little in Wilson's manner; and Moreau will be found to be Wilsony too in a picture of the Seine, and in its companion a little like Crome.

There are several Greuzes, the most interesting being the dramatic scene, "L'Accordée de Village," and the most popular, "The Broken Pitcher."

Boucher is here, brilliant as ever, especially in the "Diana leaving the Bath," and Lancret with some delicious daintinesses, and the always adorable Fragonard. Note particularly his "Vœu à l'Amour."

A tragic and historically attractive picture is Prud'hon's portrait of the Empress Josephine. All Prud'hon's work here is interesting, and very diverse too, from the oil sketch of Christ on the Cross to the portrait of little Marie Marguerite Lagnier.

Note also the portrait of a young man, No. 753. Pierre Prud'hon, whom we saw at the Wallace Collection, but who is little known in England, was born in 1758 and died in 1823.

Finally I must mention the Boilly pictures of Paris street life in the eighteenth century, and—the magnet of magnets—Madame Vigée Le Brun's portrait of herself and her daughter, which all the world knows and loves in reproduction.

We can leave Room XVI by a door on the great staircase—Escalier Daru—on each side of us being one of Botticelli's lovely frescoes frrom the Villa Lemmi: works of unforgettable charm.

But to be chronological we ought to return through Room XV with the high painted ceiling to Room VIII, leading from it, the great room where the Men of the Thirties hang. Here the commanding figures are Delacroix and Ingres, but work as comparatively recent as Manet's "Olympia" hangs here too. Ingres as a portrait painter (particularly in the M. Bertin) and a painter of the nude deserves close attention. If he had been a great colourist he would have been terrific, so sure was his hand. It is interesting to compare the cold classic perfection of his "Odalisque" with the modernity of Manet's "Olympia." Delacroix has several crowded canvases, of which the fight at the barriers in 1830 is the most remarkable. It has strokes like Hals in it. One of the most attractive pictures here is Mottez' unfinished portrait of Madame M. Other portraits finely painted are

the two sisters by Chasseriau (Ingres' pupil) and a young girl by Flandrin; but perhaps the most attractive is Corot's "La Femme à la Perle." His "Danse des Nymphes" is cracking badly. The Millet rainbow calls the eye back again and again, but I think that Rousseau's great Fontainebleau forest scene is the finest landscape. Troyon is at his best in a huge canvas.

After the great Room VIII the natural progress would be to the Chauchard and Thomy-Thiéry rooms of Barbizon pictures; but I am keeping these separate collections till later in the chapter and now deal with those miscellaneous French rooms of all periods—together with some foreign work, notably British—which are opened only at two o'clock and which are gained by turning to the left by the "Winged Victory" instead of to the right.

We begin with No. III, which is a large room principally devoted to the works of the painter whom Charles Lamb spelt "Darveed." Here is his gigantic representation of Napoleon and the Pope at Nôtre Dame; here is the familiar Madame Récamier on her stiff little sofa; here is the well-known Madame Seriziat and child. All are competent and hard.

In the next room there is nothing of note, and then we come to the La Caze collection and find again some of the most charming French painters at their best, and Chardin with another version of "Le Bénédicité" and also another child portrait, "The House of Cards," together with more studies

of fruit and still life. Fragonard has some exquisite things, including the "Etude" and "La Chemise Enlevée"; Boucher, Lancret, Pater, Watteau, all are here. Rigaud has a fine portrait of a young aristocrat; Bourdon a Dutch interior; Nattier a portrait of Madame Henriette, and there is a beautiful head attributed to the Milanese School.

We now cross the landing and after traversing five rooms of furniture enter a series of cabinets. Although their contents are liable to constant change I say a word as to the arrangement at the moment—1924—with a warning that the information may already be false! No. I is devoted to the work of Géricault, the animal painter, who visited England in the early years of the nineteenth century and painted our race horses.

In Room II is a choice from the collection of drawings by the Old Masters recently left to the nation by Léon Bonnat, the portrait painter, among them some magnificent work from Rembrandt's hand and Millet's. Also some of Ingres' distinguished pencil heads.

In Room III we find a mixed assemblage of more or less recent work, including Manet's amusing portrait of his wife on a blue sofa, and a charming portrait of Berthe Morisot, who was Madame Eugéne Manet. Pictures by Daumier, Corot, Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, and Millet are here too.

In Room IV we come to Corot again with two portraits. There are two large Daubignys, an In-

gres, a Rousseau, and a boy and butterfly by Dutilleux.

In Rooms V and VI are more Corots: a cathedral, a woman in blue, one of his early Roman views, and two typical landscapes. Regnault, Ingres and Chasseriau are here and also that sickly painter Ary Scheffer.

We then come to an interesting room of pastels, some by the great La Tour himself (look at his delicious Marie Leczinska) and two self-portraits by Chardin, showing him to have worn horn-rimmed spectacles before the Americans did; and then to rooms dedicated to Isabey, to Watteau's drawings, and to Prud'hon, with a very fine charcoal portrait of Mlle. Mayer in it.

The two English cabinets now claim attention. The Louvre has not many English pictures but they are good and of an impressive seriousness. The great portrait painters are well represented: Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney, Lawrence and Hoppner. But it is perhaps Constable and Bonington, Turner and Wilson, that give the little collection its greatest value. One of the Constables, a cottage, seems to have all Rousseau in it. A splendid "Weymouth Bay" is also here. Bonington is more varied, ranging from Venice to the coast of Normandy, from Versailles to a portrait of an old lady.

The miscellaneous articles bequeathed by Thiers occupy adjoining rooms. The only picture of note is a Terburg portrait.

THE CHAUCHARD COLLECTION

The Chauchard Collection is gained from the great Salon where Rubens exalts and deifies Marie de Médicis. M. Chauchard, whose oil portrait and marble bust—both heavily whiskered—are to be seen here, was the proprietor of the Magasins du Louvre. That he was really a lover of art I cannot believe, but he knew the names of the painters whose work the best people were buying and now and then he got a good picture. In the main, however, he got only such pictures as good painters paint for collectors who are not really lovers of art but can pay large sums. If you want, for example, to see the Barbizon painters at their best—with the possible exception of Millet—you will climb to the floor above and look at the little pictures which they painted for their enthusiastic patron M. Thomy-Thiery, who loved their art sincerely and understandingly.

But the Chauchard Collection has one good Corot, "Le Moulin," among many that are merely typical; and two very beautiful Millets, "La Tricoteuse" and "La Bergère." It is necessary to visit it to see Meissonier at his best, the famous "Retreat from Moscow" being here, as well as many of the little elaborate interiors. Rousseau, Diaz, Jacque, Daubigny, Troyon and Dupré—all are here too, but seldom inspired. The most popular picture will always be the Magdalen reading in a cave, by J. J. Henner.

THE SCHLICHTING COLLECTION

Next to the Chauchard Collection is a long room which, although it contains miscellaneous pictures, I mention here for reasons of geography. Among several good pictures that hang here the most surprising is the spirited "Boys Bathing" by Nicholas Maes, who could hardly be farther removed from the "Everlasting Prayer" mood by which he is known. Boucher has a brilliant if shameless "Odalisque" and a delicious portrait of the Pompadour with details most dexterously painted. A good insolent head by Frans Hals and a dainty Fragonard offer a wide contrast. The "Zephyr" by Prud'hon is alive. Venice supplies Bellini, Veronese and Tiepolo.

THE THOMY-THIERY COLLECTION

M. Thomy-Thiery had indeed a passion for Barbizon and its School—with which Corot, although he was not a resident there but at Ville d'Avray, is perhaps chiefly associated—and his collection contains many perfect things. Almost every picture is a gem, but I draw particular attention to the Corots, which are in abundance, all, or nearly all, in his happiest mood, with some indescribably exquisite. M. Thomy-Thiery liking his pictures to be small and serene, you find here none of the great Rondes of Nymphs, and so forth, that the dealers and M. Chauchard preferred. Note in particular among the Corots the "Entrée de Village,"

"Le Chemin de Sévres," "La Route de Sin-le-Noble," "Le Vallon," a doorway at Dinan and the portrait of the Magdalen reading; Daubigny's "Le Marais," "Les Peniches," "La Mare aux Cicognes," "Bateaux sur l'Oise," "Les Graves de Villerville"; Troyon's "Le Promenade des Poules," and "Le Matin"; Millet's "Les Botteleurs," "La Cousuese," "Eglise de Greville" and "Précaution Maternelle"; and Rousseau's "Le Marais dans le Landes," "La Plaine des Pyrenees," "L'Etang," "Bords de la Loire," "Les Chênes," and above all "Le Printemps." It is a most attractive collection and the visitor with time is wise to concentrate on these rooms and see no other work on the same day.

THE MOREAU-NELATON COLLECTION

In theMoreau-Nelaton Collection in the Pavillon Marsan, which though also in the Louvre is gained from the Rue de Rivoli, we find Corot again and at his best, early and late. No. 8 for example is very early, one of the Rome views. Other lovely landscapes are Nos. 9, 14, 16, 24, 28, 33, 38 and 40, the "Bridge at Mantes." There are also several of his quiet subtle portraits, of which Nos. 25 and 39 are notable. Corot's palette and two of his pipes are in a glass case with other relics, among them two of Delacroix's palettes. Other pictures are Manet's famous "Picnic" and Fantin-Latour's "Hommage à Delacroix," with Whistler in the foreground; two Sisleys, Nos. 94 and 95; and Claude

Monet, Nos. 75, 77, 79, 80 and 82. In the gallery upstairs will be found water-colours.

THE CAMONDO COLLECTION

I have mentioned Monet and Sisley, who were the leaders with Pissarro of the impressionist landscape school which arose in France in the eighteen-seventies and for a while diverted attention from the Barbizon methods. Some of their best work is to be found in the Camondo Collection in the Louvre proper, which, if we are to be chronological, we shall now visit. Isaac Camondo was a man of great wealth and sensitive taste who left his collection of pictures, furniture, bronzes and Japanese prints to the nation. The collection has the additional merit of being reached by a lift, which we find at the end of the gallery to the right of the main entrance; but, as I said, it is open only on certain days.

The hero of the Camondo collection is Degas, that discoverer of beauty in ballet girls, whom he approached with some of the spirit of the Japanese and a sense of colour and power of draughtsmanship all his own. His famous picture of the "Absinthe Drinkers," which created a storm when it was exhibited in London many years ago, is also here. Manet, another uncompromising delineator of life, to whom perhaps Degas owed something—Whistler, I think, was indebted to both of them—is strongly represented too. Claude Monet and Alfred Sisley are at their best, Sisley with flood

scenes on the Seine and Monet with the façade of Rouen Cathedral under different effects of light and with lovely river landscapes. The most attractive Cézanne I have seen—the "Maison du Pendu"—is here, masterly in its relentless decision; and you may see also with what devotion this stern painter came to flowers. There is a lovely Puvis, and Boudin is here too, and that bluff snapper-up of brave effects among shipping, Jongkind. But I believe that I would give all for the little "Fillette à sa Toilette" by Corot.

Photo Neurdein

PORTRAIT DE SA MÈRE. Whistler
Jeu de Paume, Paris

VILLA MEDICI LANDSCAPE. Velasquez
Madrid

Chapter VI: PARIS

Chapter VI

PARIS

III. The Luxembourg and Other Galleries

NOW that the foreign pictures have been removed to the Jeu de Paume, the Luxembourg is wholly French; and as new additions to its walls are constantly being made, just as the Tate in London is regularly reinforced by purchases under the Chantrey Bequest, it follows that there must be changes of which this book should, but cannot, take note.

The entrance gallery is alive with dazzling sculpture. At the side are two little rooms, of which that on the right is given to the latest French art and that on the left to the Impressionists of the eighteen-seventies. Among the painters in the more modern room I have marked Louis Charlot as being very interesting. His subjects are peasants, treated largely and with understanding sympathy. The work of Guillonat and Vallotton should be looked at. Marquet has a curious gift of lucid brushwork and a perfect sense of composition. His work is always flooded with light.

In the Impressionist room we find Claude Monet and Sisley once again, always sincerely striving to

arrest atmospheric moments, always with a wistful feeling for beauty. Sisley's "Cour de Ferme" is a perfect work; Monet's "Yacht Race" at Argenteuil actually irradiates the heat of the sun. Renoir is here too with a persuasive portrait of two girls at the piano.

In the large room No. 1 we find Monet again, with a scene in a garden which shows once more with what love and zeal he has served nature and art. Boudin's "Port of Bordeaux" is a masterpiece that will repay return visits. That jovial veteran Harpignies, the last of the Barbizon men, may be seen in his own work and also, as he looked late in life, in the portrait by Jonas. The portraits by Fantin-Latour, Bonnat and Carolus-Duran, each in their own way, are very notable. That curious and rare modern painter whose work as well as his name recalls Ribera—Ribot—is to be found here. I like the bleak uninhabited landscapes by Cazin and Pointelin, one on each side of the door.

In the passage-way are two works by Gustave Moreau, that odd antiquarian and mystical painter whose studio in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld is now a public Musée. If you like his pictures at the Luxembourg you should certainly go there and see with what fertility he executed his dreams and visions.

In Room II we find the original of a prettiness familiar all the world over, "Au Crépuscule," by Chabas, the artist of "September Morn." Bonnat has a good portrait of an old artist and Joseph Bail

a small Dutch picture magnified, with some remarkably painted detail.

In Room III the family group of Caro-Delvaille has great charm. Gervex's "Operating Theatre" reminds one of the fashions in French painting of thirty or forty years ago, now changed. Geoffroy's "Visit to the Hospital" also went round the world in reproductions. The portrait of M. Lacroisade by Etchevery is living, and "Sem" the caricaturist, by François Flameng, could hardly be more photographic. Raffaelli's "Political Meeting" has power, but would be very differently painted to-day.

Room IV has a good fishing scene by Cottet and you can see here what a false god used to be worshipped in Bouguereau.

Room V has a fine Venetian scene by Ziem and the two famous portrait groups by Fantin-Latour, one of musicians and one of authors.

Room VI is notable for its work by Puvis de Chavannes, that master of lovely neutral tones and cool spaces. The more modern decorative manner, which to my mind is far inferior, may be studied in the work of Maurice Denis on the opposite wall. A little still-life—French novels and marigolds—by Vallotton is interesting.

Room VII is given chiefly to the shadowy, sorrowful work of Eugène Carrière. Cazin's "Ishmael" is a fine poignant thing.

Room VIII is largely Cottet's and displays his versatility.

Room IX has some dashing modern work, of which perhaps the dancing girl by De Scévola is most noticeable. A little landscape by Vignon, a sketch by Tenré and a curious treatment of Harfleur by Moreau-Nelaton remain in my memory; but, more than all, the amusing picture called "The Club" by Béraud, which should be reproduced for the correction of all wives who envy their husbands those arid retreats.

Room X has a clever interior by Blanche, a sketch by Harpignies, and an effect of sunlight by Le Sidaner.

Room XI is the best room for a long while. It has a beautiful interior—Gambetta's death-chamber by Cazin; a fencer by Carolus-Duran which could hang with such Dutch masters as Terburg and De Keyser, and the same painter's mandolin-player; Bastien Lepage's famous landscape; and excellent examples of Degas, including work as early as the days when he was under the influence of Ingres. Such moderns as Gauguin and Matisse are also to be studied here, Gauguin's oranges being glorious. Two little pictures by Roybel, rather in the manner of the Belgian Alfred Stevens, and "La Bavardeuse" by Ribot, complete this survey.

THE PETIT PALAIS

Many of the painters that we have seen at the Luxembourg we find again in the Petit Palais, which is where the city of Paris keeps its statuary and pictures. Like the Luxembourg it is subject

to change. Among the new painters to look for are Charlot, Lepère (landscape), Lucien Simon, Maurice Denis, Déchemand (old people), Joseph Bail, Laprade, Chartrain (portrait of his mother), Roll, Jean Veber, and Alphand.

To me the older work is more valuable than the new—the drawings, for example, by Puvis de Chavannes and Prud'hon, a water-colour of Venice by Sargent, notes by Sisley, powerful trifles by Gauguin and Daumier. There are also the rooms where are to be found again Sisley and Jongkind, Monet and Monticelli, Manet (the portrait of Duret is like a pocket Velasquez), and Berthe Morisot, Cazin, Ribot, and Fantin-Latour. Corot's favourite, the pupil Lépine, has a great view of the Pont des Arts, more like Daubigny than his master, and Ten Cate paints the Paris roofs. Couture, Ribot, Mottez, all of whom we saw at the Luxembourg, are here, and there are a number of sketches by Jules Breton.

THE JEU DE PAUME

The pavilion of the Jeu de Paume (real tennis) at the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli, close to the métro station, now houses the pictures by modern foreign artists which belong to France and used to be in the Luxembourg.

The exhibits are interesting rather than representative. England at the moment could, I am sure, fill a similar room with finer English work

than is here, excellent though the pictures, collected by Mr. Edmund Davis and presented to France, often are. Sir William Orpen's Café Royal interior is one of his most brilliant works, while two at least of the painters represented in that canvas—Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Pryde—have examples of their genius on the walls. The East-end picture by Mr. Kennington is now perishing. Near it is so widely different a work as Watts's "Love and Life," which shows how catholic is this room. Mr. Cayley Robinson and Mr. Brangwyn are other extremes that meet here.

Mr. Sargent, although an English R. A. of the greatest eminence, is found in the American section, where he has the famous "Carmencita." This picture we may, in the mind's eye, associate with that other Spanish dancing-girl, by Manet, which we saw in the Camondo Collection. A fine wild coast scene by Winslow Homer is possibly as remarkable a work as the Jeu de Paume holds. Whistler's portrait of his mother has a place of honour and constant homage. There is a charming little interior by Mr. Walter Gay, and the work of Dannat, who was something of a Ribot, is sound.

In the Italian section Signor Boldini has some of his dashing portraits. The large symphony by Caputo is interesting. Befani's market-place has a glamour that kills everything near it.

The Spanish section is notable for Zuloaga; the Scandinavian for Krojer's sea piece.

In the little Russian room we find Marie Bash-

Photo Anderson

AESOP. Velasquez
Madrid

Photo Anderson

MAJA—I. Goya
Madrid

Photo Anderson

MAJA—II. Goya
Madrid

Photo Brogi

THE LAST SUPPER. Leonardo da Vinci
Milan

kirtseff, the self-analyst, and see how like her master—Bastien Lepage—was her own work. Sorine's exotic portrait of Pavlova has a strange fascination.

Some of the most attractive work is in the Belgian and Dutch rooms, where we find such older masters as Alfred Stevens and Jongkind. León Fréderic's pre-Raphaelist panels have gaiety. The curious Platonic assembly by Delville haunted me long after I had left the gallery.

OTHER PICTURES

Let me add in conclusion that pictures, chiefly historical, will be found at the Carnavalet, and that at the Pantheon are the Puvis de Chavannes St. Genéviève frescoes. Also that if you want to know what is being collected and who the most promising new painters are, you should always walk up and down the Rue de la Boëtie, which is a free gallery of great liveliness. Nor should the Sale rooms at the Hotel Drouot be neglected.

Chapter VII: MADRID

Chapter VII

MADRID

The Prado

THE great building in Madrid known as the Prado, or Museo Nacional de Pintura y Iscultura, was built for a natural history museum but has been, in the main, well adapted for a picture gallery. Charles III began it in 1785, but, owing to a universal cause of obstruction to the humanities, War, it was not finished for many years. Comparatively recently improvements were made, but there still are rooms in which almost no light enters, and in certain of these some of the pictures that most need light—the Flemish primitives—are lodged. A complete reconstruction is, however, in progress, and I shall therefore say little as to actual positions of pictures.

As in the case of the Louvre, the Prado owes to the Throne the greater part of its treasure, primarily to Charles V (1500-58), father of Philip of the Armada and brother-in-law of Francis I, Leonardo's last patron. This was the monarch who, after world-wide power, abdicated and became a pious recluse. His favourite painter was Titian, and he took into retirement with him the famous

work, now in the Prado, in which the great Venetian, who was not above flattery, depicted his "Apotheosis." Few kings have had the opportunity of so sweetening their declining years. Charles's son, Philip II, inherited the passion for pictures, and particularly those of Titian, a portrait of him by the hand of that master being sent to the English Court as earnest of his quality when he was courting Mary Tudor.

But it is Philip IV (1605-65) who gave the gallery its special *cachet,* for it was he who at an early age attached a young Sevillian artist named Diego Velasquez (1599-1660) to his person and for the rest of their joint lives put interest in the activities of his studio before family or State. The result is that, although there are paintings by this magician of the brush, this first of the moderns, elsewhere, it is necessary to go to the Prado, where there are some sixty of his works, to appreciate him fully. Velasquez not only painted pictures of Philip, and for Philip, but was sent to Italy on picture-buying missions, many of the Prado's choicest possessions being due to his taste and judgment. Later came Philip V, the Bourbon (1683-1746), to add French pictures of his own time, and then Charles III to build the Prado, and Ferdinand VII to complete it and establish in it the various Royal collections.

It is natural in the Spanish national gallery to find Spanish art; but one is surprised to find also such a magnificent run of the Venetians. Rubens again riots here in all his vigour. And here, too,

is an unexpected profusion of eighteenth century Netherlanders and Flemish primitives. But it is the name and fame of Velasquez that give the Prado its unique and exalted position among galleries, and it is fitting that his statue should have been placed before it. Although there are pictures by this prince of painters elsewhere no other gallery has anything to compare with those magnificent works, "Las Meniñas," "The Lances, or Surrender of Breda," "The Tapestry Weavers," and "Los Borrachos, or the Topers"; while I am saying nothing of the "Æsop" and other portraits, and the two little landscapes.

"Las Meniñas," that astonishing feat of impressionism, the finest example of the new painting which paved the way to the art of the nineteenth century, is alone worth all the tedium of the journey to Madrid. Of this picture one may safely say that there is nothing like it elsewhere. Each picture, no matter by whom, has, of course, individualities; but the resemblance between one Raphael and another, one Titian and another, one Rembrandt and another, is, for example, instantly evident; whereas the great scene where the little Infanta is being depicted by the Court painter, while her ladies give her costume its finishing touches, and the King and Queen, suddenly entering, are caught in a mirror, stands alone. There is nothing with which to compare it, not even in its creator's other work.[1] Again

[1] There is a very excellent copy, by John Philip, of a detail of "Las Meniñas" in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy in London.

Velasquez painted the "Borrachos," those roadside convivialists, with their extemporized Bacchus, only once; the "Tapestry Weavers" only once; the "Surrender of Breda" only once. As for the two little landscapes, impressions of the Villa Medici in Rome, done when Velasquez was there in 1630, the name of Corot might almost be on both; except that, since Velasquez painted them and Corot did not, there is all the difference.

The Velasquez canvases come first; but the Prado is so rich that without them it would still be among the finest of the European galleries, for there are several other distinct sets of pictures, apart from single examples, that make it essential to the student of art. Its second painter is Murillo; but the Murillos are not such lodestones as the Velasquezes, and there are more Murillos scattered about the world too—thanks not a little (as I hinted in the article on the Louvre) to the acquisitive tendencies of Maréchal Soult when he was in a position to loot the churches and hospitals of Andalusia. The Murillo room at the Prado is the first resort of simpler souls, and it contains some of his most charming work, notably the Holy Family known as "The Little Bird," and "Los Niños de la Concha," the picture in which the two children, Jesus and St. John, play together with a lamb, and St. John drinks from a proffered shell.

The third set of pictures to make the Prado unique are the Goyas, of which there must be, upstairs and downstairs, hundreds, including a mass

BEATRICE D'ESTE. Ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci
Milan

Photo Brogi

VIRGIN AND CHILD. Michelangelo
Florence

of macabre drawings. In other galleries you may taste of his genius; but only the Prado gives its extent, and the range is very remarkable. Goya, I may say, is modern enough to have painted the Duke of Wellington, and in a fit of temper, to have thrown a plaster cast at that austere sitter's head. He died in 1828 after a varied and tempestuous career which embraced a certain amount of bull-fighting and not a little amorous adventure. His portraits had extraordinary life-like qualities; but to understand him rightly it is necessary to see the vast number of works, finished and unfinished, which the Prado possesses. His statue, a demure little old stone gentleman, is in front of one entrance. The two most popular of Goya's Prado pictures will always be the "Maja"—the companion portraits of a Spanish girl on a couch, identically the same, save that in one she is dressed and in the other nude. There also are the realistic war scenes belonging to the French invasion in 1808, and several groups of the royal family in which Goya shows himself to have been no respecter of persons.

These three national painters, to whom must be added El Greco and Zurbaran and Ribera, make the Prado a gallery apart. Of the others Zurbaran is the strongest, with his stern, uncompromising realism, and Ribera, who migrated to Naples, where he was known as Lo Spagnoletto, the most theatrical; while El Greco stands alone in art. A native of Crete, named Domenico Theotocopuli, he was

born in the middle of the sixteenth century, and after working in Italy settled about 1577 in Toledo, where his house is now preserved and shown. For a while he was painter to Philip II, but his methods, as can be seen at a glance, are not those of a courtier. He himself, although a pupil of Titian, suggests the influence of Tintoretto, while his own influence seems only now to have begun, few artists of his time being more admired by the young men of our day. His figures are often out of drawing and his colours can be very crude and harsh; but there is a strange almost fanatical fire burning in all his work, and one cannot pass it by; whether disliked or liked, it must be respected. El Greco died in 1614, when Velasquez was fifteen, three years before Murillo was born.

The three foreign painters, who, although their work is to be found elsewhere, are here in greatest force and at their best, are Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck. Titian, as I have said, was Charles V's favourite master, and the sympathy between the monarch and the painter led to some glorious achievements even though the courtier may seem too much in evidence, as when, in "La Gloria," the Emperor and Empress and Philip II (who launched the Armada against England) are depicted among the blessed. In addition to the Royal pictures, it is necessary to go to Madrid to see Titian's "La Fecundidad," that riot of cherubs. Other fine Italian pictures which should be sought are Giorgione's Madonna and Child with two

Saints, unfinished but very lovely, and a magnificent Tiepolo "Conception."

Titian was never in Spain—his portraits of Charles V were painted at Bologna and Augsburg; nor was Van Dyck, whose association with it came through Philip's brother, Ferdinand, Governor of the Netherlands. But Rubens visited Madrid in 1628, and remained there for nine months—with Velasquez appointed by the King to be his cicerone. He brought pictures with him and painted others there. The gallery has more than sixty in his incomparable robust manner; but none, to my mind, is more remarkable than the portrait of Marie de Médicis, which used to hang beside Rembrandt's "Artemisia" and Van Dyck's "Countess of Oxford," but has recently, under the new arrangement, been placed elsewhere.

The portrait section of the Prado is yet another of its glories, including, as it does, those three masterpieces; the pictures by Velasquez' Spanish predecessors, notably Coello; a series of heads by another predecessor, Antonio Mor, who may be called a link between Holbein and the great Spaniard; many Titians; Raphael's glorious Cardinal Alidosi (one of the several Raphaels here); two Dürers; and, in the long gallery, a little series of women's heads by Tintoretto that have extraordinary charm and delicacy of colour.

Lastly, we come to the early Flemish pictures, in the basement, where, as I have said, there is little light; but the masterpieces are on easels near the

windows. Chief perhaps is the work of Memling, in a beautiful triptych; of Petrus Cristus, that northern Perugino; of Patinir, and the two Van Eycks. An "Annunciation" and "Expulsion from Paradise" by Fra Angelico come as a surprise. And now let me relate the story of yet another artistic hoax. In a corner I found a second "Annunciation" of much sweetness, unnamed, which seemed to be an equally early work and to have been removed from some ancient monastery wall. Its attraction was such that I bought the photograph of it that is lying now before me. A day or so afterwards I showed this photograph to a Spanish painter, who at once began to laugh. Spaniards —at any rate, Spanish men—laugh so seldom, and the picture is so essentially serious, that I was naturally perplexed. He then explained. This curiously primitive fresco is the work of a modern Argentine artist named Arriaran who painted it as an antique effort for fun, and in course of time it found its way to the Prado.

So far as I know, our National Gallery has no work by Arriaran.

Chapter VIII: MILAN

Chapter VIII

MILAN

The Brera and Other Collections

MILAN'S fame as a place of pilgrimage for the lover of painting comes from Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," in the refectory of the Dominican Monastery adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. It is too late in the day to say more of this fresco than that, in spite of time and many vicissitudes, it is still one of the most beautiful things in the world, and that, no matter what the renovators may have superimposed which is not Leonardo's, the idea is his, the choice of moment is his, the drama is his, and the disposition of the figures.

There is a copy of the "Last Supper" by Marco d'Oggiono, Leonardo's pupil, in the Royal Academy Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. It is faithful in most respects, but has a coarseness of technique of which Leonardo was incapable. The hands lack sensitiveness, too. There is also, in the same gallery, an original by Leonardo which too few Londoners have seen: the drawing for the group of St. Anne and the Madonna and Holy Children in the Louvre. Were this lovely work

hanging in a foreign gallery thousands of English tourists would be familiar with it. At the British Museum are many of Leonardo's drawings.

Leonardo, although he is thought of chiefly in connexion with Milan and as the head of the Lombard School of Painting, was a Milanese only for a while and by chance. The illegitimate son of a Florentine lawyer, he was born at Vinci, a village near Empoli, in 1452. As a boy he was brought up in his father's house in Florence, and from the age of about eighteen until he was twenty-five he was a pupil of Verrocchio in that city. Thus all the influences of his most impressionable years were Florentine. After leaving the studio of an admirably gifted master, who had, however, no more to teach him, except perhaps the importance of application and patience, Leonardo continued independently as a Florentine artist, working upon, if not completing, a number of commissions for churches and for private enthusiasts. This we know from his note books. But even so early he was beset by the demon of versatility that so often stood between himself and fruition.

This is no place to narrate Leonardo's life in full; I merely want to emphasise the fact that his roots were Florentine. Not until he was thirty-one did he go to Milan, and even then he was employed, by Ludovico Sforza (Il Moro), as an architect and military engineer rather than as a painter. In 1494 he began the "Last Supper"; in 1499 his Milanese sojourn was over. The most famous of

his works, after the "Last Supper"—perhaps I might say before it, for it is more accessible—the "Monna Lisa," was painted in Florence when he returned there early in 1501. Before the end he had a Roman sojourn and he died in France in the service of Francis I at the Château de Cloux, near Amboise, in 1519. But his chief influence as a painter, none the less, was exercised upon the young men who gathered about him in Milan and imbibed deeply of his personality, and it is through them and their variations upon his romanticism that he has come to be thought of as the son of Lombardy too.

THE BRERA

Milan has two famous galleries, in each of which are works of importance, and it has also some subsidiary collections. Let us look first at the Brera. By this I mean the Pinacoteca lodged in the Palazzo di Brera, which, built in the seventeenth century for a Jesuit college, has since 1776 been the headquarters of painting in the city and is now known as the Palazzo di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti, with busts and statues of eminent Italians around its walls. It also houses the Braidense library and the Royal collection of coins.

The principal attraction of the gallery to many visitors is the head of Christ attributed to Leonardo and possibly a first sketch for the head in the "Last Supper"; but expert opinion gives it to a derivative of the great genius. Leonardo's followers are strongly represented, especially Luini, whose "Ma-

donna in a Bower of Roses" always has a knot of worshippers before it. There is a very charming Sodoma, but it is too like the master. Cesare da Sesto, Ambrogio de Predis, Boltraffio, Solario—all are here, all very close to their inspiration. In the National Gallery we find them too, but London has the advantage over Leonardo's adopted city in being able to hang among them an unquestioned authentic work, "The Virgin of the Rocks."

Although the School of Lombardy is naturally much in evidence, the chief treasures of the Brera are Venetian: the "Finding of the Body of St. Mark," by Tintoretto, vivid and sudden as the cinema, and a marvellous "Pietà," by Giovanni Bellini. That rare painter, Carlo Crivelli, is here; in one altar-piece the appliqué jewels (of which he was so fond) are missing from the Madonna's breast. Cima is here, and Lotto, with a series of portraits, very interesting; and there is a richly coloured Bonifazio dei Pitati, the "Finding of Moses." From Padua come three Mantegnas, and from Umbria some frescoes by Bramante the architect, large and vigorous figures, and his friend Raphael's famous "Sposalizio" or "Espousals of the Virgin," which was painted in 1504 for the chapel in the Milan Castello: a masterpiece of drawing and arrangement, but rather dull in colour. The Piero della Francesca, the Gentile da Fabriano, the Carpaccios, and the Francia should be looked for.

Among the decadent Italians I was struck by the

directness and boldness of a "Knight of Malta," by a late painter, Strozzi, and by a very strong and vivid sketch in the manner of Tiepolo, who was later still, painted by an almost exact contemporary G. B. Pittone (1687-1767). Tiepolo himself, Canaletto, Longhi, and Guardi are also represented. There is a Rembrandt portrait, but more memorable is a "Princess of Orange," by Van Dyck.

THE AMBROSIANA

Milan's other great gallery is the Ambrosiana, which it owes to its steady patrons, the Borromeo family, Cardinal Federico having founded it in 1618. I have said too little about drawings, which are not on my high-road at the moment, but the Ambrosiana, where the painting is not too remarkable, is made unique and glorious by its examples from Leonardo's divine hand. No one can know anything of the vast variety of this marvellous man until the Ambrosiana is visited, for in addition to the many separate sheets of studies, the *Codex Atlanticus* is preserved here, that huge MS. book in which he set down so many of the thoughts and surmises of his pen and pencil. Drawings by other masters are here too, but next the Leonardo collection the Ambrosiana's chief treasure is the original cartoon for Raphael's "School of Athens" fresco in the Vatican, which we are on our way to see.

Most popular of the pictures is the portrait of the charming young girl called Beatrice d'Este, which is still attributed to Leonardo, but is thought

by the experts more likely to have been painted by another. It was one of Cardinal Borromeo's own pictures, and in the deed of gift, on 18 April, 1618, he himself described it as "A portrait of a Duchess of Milan, half length, from the hand of Leonardo. . . ." It was then in a black frame; the present ornamented frame was designed for it in 1905. Beatrice d'Este was a Duchess of Milan from 1491, when she was sixteen, until 1497, when she died; Leonardo was in the service of her husband, Ludovico Sforza, as we have seen, from 1483 to 1499, and was a friend of the young girl. Nothing, then, is more natural than that he should have painted her. The portrait in question is, however, now given to Ambrogio de Predis. Who shall decide? De Predis is said also to be sole painter, or part painter, of another of the Ambrosiana pictures with Leonardo's name to it: the well-known portrait of a youth in a red cap and curly Leonardesque hair, called "Il Musicista." When it was given to the gallery in 1686 it was described as "from the hand of Luini." Later, this was changed to "from the hand of Leonardo." Now the experts say Ambrogio de Predis; and, again, who shall decide?

The pure and bland Luini, whose favourite type of female beauty was so like Leonardo's, but who was never, it is believed, an actual pupil of the master, as were the others whose work we saw in one room at the Brera—Ambrogio de Predis, Cesare da Sesto, Salaino, Boltraffio, Marco d'Oggiono—is very strongly represented at the Ambrosiana,

both with his gentle brush, and with the pencil. A "St. John," by Andrea Salaino, is slavishly near the Leonardo "St. John" at the Louvre, with the same pointing finger. Leonardo's influence—not unnaturally when we think of his personality and power—was perhaps too strong for his young men.

THE POLDI-PEZZOLI

Milan also has two or three smaller collections, chief of which is that miniature Wallace Collection, as it might be called, the Poldi-Pezzoli at No. 10 Via Morone, which Signor Poldi-Pezzoli bequeathed to the city in 1879. His tastes were very wide, embracing every kind of article of virtù—from jewels to tapestries—and he had some good pictures, all of them, since they were conditioned by his rooms, being small. Many of the attributions on the frames have been questioned, but there are a myriad things here that one covets, and it is no place for a kleptomaniac to be let loose in. To my mind the pictorial gems are the little travelling altar-piece triptych by Mariotto Albertinelli, and the Botticelli "Madonna and Child." There is a warm little Perugino; a classical piece by Cima; a Samson and Delilah, full of colour, that has Carpaccio's name; an attractive Verrocchio school-piece; and very pleasing examples of Solario, Foppa, Fossano, Bonsignori, Palma Vecchio, Luini, and Cesare da Sesto. Signor Poldi-Pezzoli, whose portrait is on the walls, was to be envied as he walked through his apartments. I should mention

also a girl's head (which has been given to Piero della Francesca, to Domenico Veneziano, and is now called a Pollaiuolo) which every one knows in reproduction, and a little Guardi, very like a Whistler.

THE CASTELLO

The picture gallery in the Castello, that amazing fortress, truly a city in itself, has a few good works and is always liable to receive more by legacy. I found a very pleasing Marco d'Oggiono, some Boltraffios, but no Leonardo, although his hand is credited with the decoration of one of the great ceilings, and it was in the courtyard that once stood the model of his lost equestrian statue, which, had it been cast in bronze, instead of being muddled away, might have been even finer than Verrocchio's Colleoni in Venice or Donatello's Gattamelata in Padua—at present the two grandest horsemen in the world. A Correggio and portraits by Pordenone, Moroni, and Van Dyck remain in the memory, and an unknown Venetian picture called "The Confidence." A painter not often met with, Daniele Crespi (1590-1630), has a striking "Holy Family," and there are five little Guardis.

Chapter IX: FLORENCE

PRIMAVERA. Botticelli
Florence

Photo Brogi

Photo Brogi

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. Leonardo da Vinci
Florence

Chapter IX

FLORENCE

I. The Uffizi

THERE are so many pictures in Florence, either in the galleries or the churches, that many chapters would be needed to begin to do justice to them; but as it is with the two great galleries only—the Uffizi and the Pitti—that we are concerned, two chapters must suffice. Before I close them, however, I shall say a few words about the other treasures.

The history of the Uffizi gallery, like the history of Florence itself, is bound up in the word Medici. Giovanni d'Averardo (1360-1429), the first of the great line, may not have cared much for anything but power and money, but his son Cosimo the Elder (1389-1464) added to his worldly ambition an enthusiasm for literature and art, and it is largely because of this enthusiasm that Florence has its name as the abode of humane beauty and culture. Had Cosimo gone under to the Albizzi in 1433, who can say what Florence would be like to-day? But they obtained no more than his exile, which he spent in great comfort and even luxury, until he was invited

back by the Signory; he returned, in 1434, far stronger than before; and from that moment devoted his mind and his wealth to the task of making his city glorious. He built churches, he founded libraries, he financed a complete translation of Plato and befriended and encouraged Donatello and Ghiberti, Fra Lippo Lippi and Brunelleschi.

In spite of Cosimo's initiative, it is possible still that Florence might not have fulfilled her destiny; for his son Piero ("The Gouty") was of inferior quality; but Piero luckily managed also to defeat his foes, chief of whom was Luca Pitti, and really to establish himself, before Lorenzo, known as "The Magnificent," succeeded him, in 1469, at the age of twenty-one, and made the city safe.

If art and letters had been an excitement to Cosimo, they were a ruling passion with his grandson. His palace was the home from home of the best intellects and craftsmen. Pico della Mirandola was chosen as the tutor of his sons, and Michelangelo was brought up with them. Botticelli was appointed limner to the family, Leonardo da Vinci and every painter and sculptor of genius were employed in some capacity or other, and Lorenzo was the virtual founder of the Uffizi. It was, however, left to the other branch of the family, who came later into power, to make the collections what they are, Francis I (1574-87), son of Cosimo I, being the first to adapt the top-floor terraces of the Uffizi to receive them. It was Ferdinand II who added the Venetian pictures, and Cosimo III (1670-1723)

who brought the Dutch examples and the Tribuna statues. All this time the treasures had belonged to the Medici, and it was the last of that family, the Electress Palatine Anna Maria, who died in 1743, who by bequest made them the property of Florence. The Hugo van der Goes came later, a gift from the Archduke Pietro Leopoldo, the founder of the Accademia.

The Uffizi gallery in Florence takes its name from the Palazzo degli Uffizi, or Palace of the Offices, where the municipal government was carried on, and it is interesting to remember that the architect was Giorgio Vasari, Michelangelo's pupil and Luca Signorelli's kinsman, and the author of the "Lives" of the principal Italian painters with whose work we are concerned in this survey. The rooms devoted to the pictures contain what must probably ever be, unless some astounding and unthinkable convulsion should liberate its treasures for public competition, the most remarkable collection in the world; at any rate, the least negligible collection for the student of painting.

The special glories of the Uffizi, after the examples of painting at its earliest, from Cimabue, through Giotto, to Fra Angelico, are the "Holy Family" of Michelangelo, his sole example of an easel picture in oil; the "Adoration of the Magi," by Leonardo da Vinci, unfinished; the "Baptism of Christ," by Verrocchio, with probable assistance (in the two kneeling angels) from Leonardo when he was in Verrocchio's studio; the many Botticellis,

recently increased by those from the Accademia; Piero della Francesca's portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Urbino, with the delicious classical scenes on the back of each picture; the Raphaels, the Bellinis and Titians, and the Hugo van der Goes.

To many visitors to Florence it is Botticelli who is the most magnetic painter in the Uffizi, and by no other hand are there so many or such diverse works. They now, under the latest arrangement, are spread over two great rooms and range from the gladness of the "Primavera," with its dainty ladies stepping on the flowers about Simonetta, who herself walks on air, to the tragedy of "The Calumny," which is supposed to have been painted as a tribute to Savonarola; from the little "Judith and Holofernes" to the great "Pallas and Mercury"; from the "Madonna of the Pomegranate," with its wistful Christian melancholy, to the pagan "Birth of Venus." Botticelli was both a friend and servant of the Medici family, and in one of the Uffizi pictures, the "Madonna of the Magnificat," the boy Lorenzo is depicted, and his ill-fated brother Giuliano is there too, in yellow.

After Botticelli I should say that the "Madonna and two Children," by his master Fra Lippo Lippi, and the "Madonna Adoring," by Lippi's son Filippino Lippi, who was Botticelli's pupil; Raphael's "Madonna of the Cardellino" (the goldfinch), and Franciabigio's "Madonna of the Pozzo" (the well) are chief favourites. Other very popular works—I

have seen great crowds before them on Sundays—are the two scenes in the life of Christ by Gerard Honthorst, a later and alien painter, whom we shall find in a distant room, together with Baroccio, who is negligible in the development of art, but has the warmest admirers among the simple.

It is interesting, after looking at Michelangelo's "Holy Family," in the same room as the Raphael and Franciabigio, to go back to Luca Signorelli's "Madonna and Child," because therein has been found one of the few instances of influence which the stern and uncompromising giant allowed himself to accept. In both of these pictures are nude figures, and Michelangelo is known to have admired the powerful anatomical element which Luca, an artist not less thoughtful and sincere than himself, was so bold as to introduce into religious work. In Luca's "Madonna and Child," the naked young men, as they stand about in the background among the ruins, might be mere artist's license; in Michelangelo's picture one is constrained to think of them as symbolic: typifying the old religion giving place to the new. But in any case the likeness of one work to the other is very interesting. Luca, I might say, died in 1523, aged eighty-two; Michelangelo was his junior by thirty-four years. The wild flowers at the feet of the "Madonna and Child" in Luca's picture are true to nature.

Before the rearrangement, the Tribuna used to be reserved, as was the Salon Carré at the Louvre, for the choicest possessions of the Gallery; but it

is now given largely to Bronzino's portraits of the later Medici. But the famous statues remain.

I am saying nothing of many wonderful works, but one which I cannot neglect is "The Repose in Egypt" by Correggio, in which we find new colours and a new and more fluid way of laying colours on. And I would draw special attention to the very charming "Adoration of the Magi," with its three scenes from the life of Christ, in the predella, by Gentile da Fabriano, both for its colour and clarity, and for the sweetness of the artist's fancy. (One should never neglect the predella of an altar-piece.) Looking at this picture, it is interesting to remember that this early painter was the teacher of Jacopo Bellini, whom he brought to Florence from Venice, and that Jacopo was the teacher of his son Giovanni Bellini, who was the teacher of Titian and Giorgione, and thus was the father of the voluptuous Venetian school. We have admirable opportunities to study the work of these painters in the Venetian rooms at the Uffizi, which have great wealth, although they naturally lack the completeness of the Tuscan section. But how cool they make so many of the masterpieces that we have just seen! Here we find Giorgione's name and glory, if not his actual work, in the Knight of Malta portrait and the two Old Testament scenes, so rich in incident and hue; here we find Titian's "Madonna of the Roses," the "Flora," and some noble portraits; Mantegna with a triptych inexhaustible in interest; and a number of fine portraits by other hands.

Perhaps Bellini's "Sacra Conversazione" is the outstanding work here; and I am indebted to Miss E. E. Hubert Small for an interesting theory as to the meaning of this strange and beautiful work. It is, she tells me, believed to illustrate a religious poem written in the fourteenth century by a French Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Deguilleville. The poet is supposed to be conducted by an angel on a Dante-like journey, in the course of which he visits Purgatory and sees the souls there. In the Uffizi picture in the middle of the enclosure stands a small symbolic tree—the tree of the Cantus Canticorum upon which grows the mystic apple which symbolises Christ. Bellini represents the souls in child-form playing with apples.

"In the poem"—I am now quoting from my correspondent—"there is a long discussion between the tree of the Cantus Canticorum and the bare and leafless Tree of Knowledge, in which the latter complains that the apple which had once been its own now belongs to the other tree, and *Justice* (represented by Bellini as a female figure) decides that it is right that it should one day be restored; leading up to the idea that the Cross was fashioned of wood from an offshoot of the Tree of Knowledge given by an angel to Seth, who planted it upon Adam's grave. In the corner of Bellini's picture Justice wears a crown, and St. Paul holds a sword over her head.

"The Madonna is represented sitting on a marble throne, her eyes downcast in sadness, while she

folds her hands in intercessory prayer for the souls. Over her head hangs a symbolic device of a blood-red baldacchino, and the single bunch of grapes—a common early symbol of Christ. A standing figure, commonly called St. Lucy, probably represents one of the attendant holy women who minister to the Madonna in her grief. Bellini substitutes S. Job and S. Sebastian (two of the Plague saints popular with the Venetians) for the St. Peter and St. Paul of the poem who are spoken of by Deguilleville as the "advocates" of the souls—and closely repeats the two figures of the S. Goibbe altar-piece.

"In every detail the background follows the poem in its symbolism. We see the hermit in his cave practising the austerity of life needful to shorten the time in Purgatory; we see the Centaur, emblem of man's lower nature; the stag, sheep and ass with their special symbolism; while on the other side of the picture a man in oriental dress obviously stands as the type of the unbelieving world. It is more likely that the lake shown in the background is a picturesque feature in the beautiful landscape than a representation of the Waters of Lethe, as Deguilleville does not mention Lethe at all.

"Authorities differ as to the date of this picture. The close resemblance between the saints and those of the S. Giobbe altar-piece, together with a similarity of the child forms to the Frari Infant Christ, and one or two other small details, point to a comparatively early date, say about 1486. But at whatever date it was painted it is surprising to find

Photo Brogi

THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA. Raphael
Florence

Photo Brogi

THE CONCERT. Giorgione
Florence

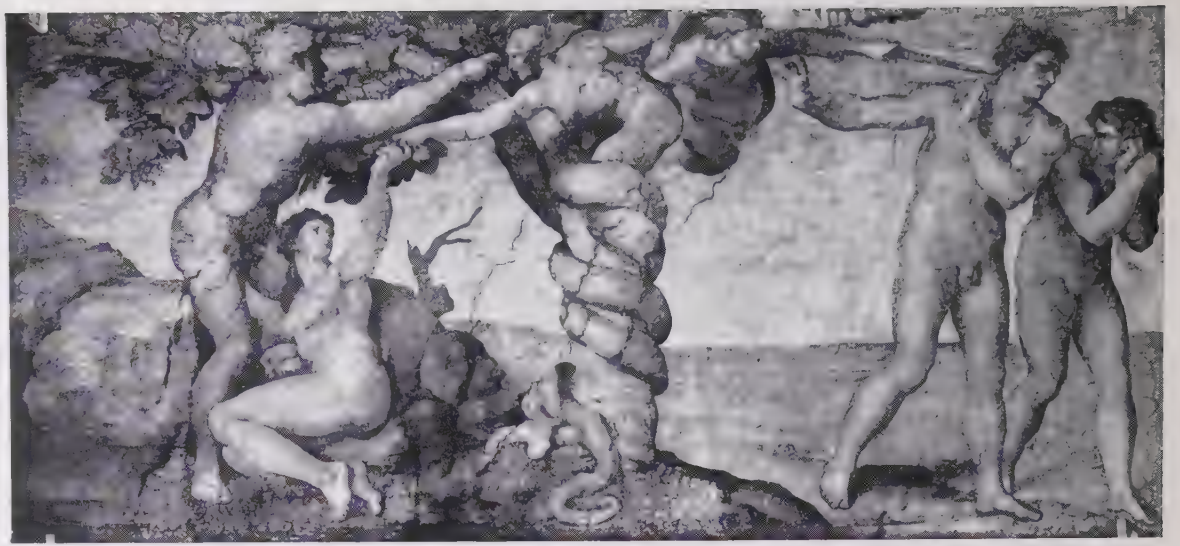

Photo Anderson

ADAM AND EVE. Michelangelo
Sistine Chapel, Rome

Photo Brogi

THE PROPHET DANIEL. Michelangelo
Rome

a later fifteenth century Venetian giving sympathetic study to the mediæval allegory, mystic symbolism being a quality distinctly foreign to the general spirit of Venetian art."

In the Van der Goes room, in addition to the northern masterpiece that gives it its name, we find Gerard David, Roger van der Weyden, and Hans Memling. In the Flemish room is Rubens, with two incidents in the life of Henri IV, full of animation, nudity, and paint. Sustermans, who was brought to Florence by the wife of Ferdinand II, Vittoria della Rovere, is here too, with Van Dyck and Jordaens. The German school is best represented by Dürer and Cranach, while among the French pictures are two charming portraits by Alexis Grimon. I say nothing of the Dutch pictures, all picked examples, save that they include a very fine landscape by that rare master, Hercules Seghers, the friend of Rembrandt.

Chapter X: FLORENCE

Chapter X

FLORENCE

II. The Pitti and Others

THE Pitti, once the massive palace of Luca Pitti, who came to grief in his attempt to remove the power from Piero de' Medici and exert it himself, is now a royal palace and is among those which have recently been given by the King to the nation. The collection of pictures was formed, like the Uffizi, by members of the Medici family, not in the direct line from Cosimo the Elder and Lorenzo the Magnificent, but collaterals deriving from Cosimo the Elder's brother, and Giovanni d'Averardo's younger son, Lorenzo. At Luca Pitti's fall, in 1466, the palace, the original design for which was by Brunelleschi, the architect of the Cathedral dome, was unfinished, and it remained so until Eleonora of Toledo, Grand Duchess of Tuscany and wife of Cosimo I, bought it in 1549 and made it the Grand Ducal home, moving from the Palazzo Vecchio in 1550. It was her grandson, Carlo de' Medici, son of Ferdinand I, who began the Pitti collection, and Ferdinand's grandson, Ferdinand II (1610-70) and Cardinal Leopoldo (the pupil of Galileo), who completed it.

One notices at once at the Pitti a different taste in painting from that at the Uffizi. Indeed, the Uffizi cannot be said to reflect one taste at all; it is catholic, historical; all Italian art is represented, although the emphasis is laid upon Tuscany. Here and there, as we have seen, idiosyncrasy has play, as when the Northern Hugo van der Goes is honoured, and in the Dutch rooms. But taken as a whole the Uffizi strikes one as national rather than individual. The Pitti pictures, on the other hand, are alike in a certain richness, and they belong also very much to the same period, the mature period of Italian art, when Raphael, who is the predominating genius here, was wielding his influence. One looks in vain for the early coolness of Tuscan art, for asceticism; it is all warm and splendid.

Raphael I have said is the monarch of the gallery, for here are those pictures, so serene, so comforting to the simple and above all to the maternal instinct, the "Madonna del Granduca" (the Grand Duke being Ferdinand III, who carried it with him on his journeys) and the "Madonna della Sedia," which are known in coloured reproductions wherever there are walls to hang them on. To see them in their calm perfection you must go to the Pitti. And the same master's "La Donna Velata," known also as the "Fornarina" (or baker's daughter, his betrothed, whom he did not live to marry) is also here, and his portrait of Pope Leo X with Cardinal Giulio de' Medici and Cardinal Ludovico

de' Rossi, and the little but immense "Vision of Ezekiel." Truly it is Raphael's gallery.

But there is another picture here which can allure visitors with no less sure a force, and that is the "Concert" of Giorgione, that famous glowing work in which a young monk, having struck a note on the clavichord, is looking inquiringly at a fellow musician with a lute, while a youth in a plumed hat listens too. As with almost everything attributed to Giorgione, there are critics who would give this to Titian; but since we can never know, and since Titian (who lived to be nearly a hundred) has so much to his great name and poor Giorgione (who was dead of the plague at thirty-three) has so little, let us continue to call it Giorgione's. But no matter by what painter, it would be equally glorious.

Titian unquestioned is to be found at the Pitti too, for here are several portraits, including that beautiful one known as "The Young Englishman" (possibly the Earl of Arundel, an early connoisseur of painting), the Cardinal Ippolito, the Tommaso Mosti, the Aretino, the sumptuous lady known as "La Bella," and the golden lady called the "Magdalen." Tintoretto has one or two fine portraits, and Sebastiano del Piombo, who passed from the influence of Giorgione in Venice to that of Michelangelo in Rome, is well represented, and is even spoken of by some critics as the author of Raphael's "Fornarina." Among the painters who are at their best at the Pitti are Andrea del Sarto,

who has many works, including a portrait of himself, a "Holy Family," a "Deposition," and "St. John the Baptist as a Boy"; and Fra Bartolommeo, whose "Deposition" here is perhaps his masterpiece.

I must mention also a little Perugino with the tenderest evening light among the mountains; Filippino Lippi's famous "Madonna and Child" in a circle; Dosso Dossi's "Nymph and Satyr"; and some very interesting Botticelli derivatives. A Northern air is brought in by Van Dyck and Sustermans; while Rubens has a group of scholars who are honouring Seneca, and, more in his favourite manner, a great canvas covered with hectic life called "The Consequences of War."

The Pitti, like the Uffizi, has its vistas, but you must go out for them; and after a long spell among paint, even such glorious paint as this, a little fresh Tuscan sunshine is very grateful.

I must not conclude without a word about the collection of *auto-ritratti*—self-portraits—of artists. The idea began with Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici in the seventeenth century, and the series is being added to continually. Michelangelo's remark, "Every painter draws himself well," recurs to the mind as one walks through these rooms.

THE ACCADEMIA AND MUSEO DI SAN MARCO

Chief of the two smaller Florentine galleries that must be mentioned are the Accademia and the Museo di San Marco, both of which have been rearranged since the war. In the old days one had to

Photo Anderson

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. Titian

Rome

Photo Brogi

DANAË. Correggio
Rome

go to the Accademia for the Fra Angelicos and for Botticelli's "Primavera," as well as for Michelangelo's "David" and the "Prisoners." "David" and the "Prisoners" remain, but for Brother Angelico's happy visions of Heaven and simple and radiant treatment of Scripture we now cross the road to the Museo di San Marco, while the Botticellis, as we have seen, are at the Uffizi. The present chief value of the Accademia, after Michelangelo, is the historic survey of Tuscan art which it offers, beginning with the earliest painters and continuing to the mature years, with Fra Bartolommeo's "Vision of St. Bernard" as one of its most popular pictures. Here you may see at once that kindly master's skill with drapery and perfect fitness to make acceptable altar-pieces. Crossing to his own monastery, where you may visit not only his cell but that of old Cosimo de' Medici in his occasional retreats, we find "Il Beato"—The Beatified—whose temple it now is, for not only is there a room devoted to his works, but upstairs you find a series of cells each with a delicate fresco from his pious hand.

Fra Angelico, as he is called, was Fra Giovanni before his work caused sublime adjectives to be applied to him, and he was a Dominican monk of Fiesole before he came down to Florence to live at the Convent of San Marco. He died in Rome, while painting the chapel of Nicholas V in 1455, aged 68, and is buried there. It is late in the day to be critical about "Il Beato." Enough to say

that the Founder of Christianity never had a purer, holier, more winsome and more ingratiating celebrant.

Fra Bartolommeo, the other San Marco artist-monk, was not born until his angelic predecessor had been dead for twenty years. Fra Angelico may have been taught by Lorenzo Monaco, some of whose very ecclesiastical work we saw in the Uffizi; certain it is that Benozzo Gozzoli was the Frate's pupil, and there is a little chapel in the Riccardi Palace in the Via Cavour, once the home of Cosimo de' Medici, which Gozzoli decorated with no less gaiety and rapture than his master, if with a shade more of sophistication. It was Cosimo who had engaged Fra Angelico to paint in the Convent of San Marco; it was his son Piero who commissioned Gozzoli, and Lorenzo the Magnificent as a child worshipped in sight of the happy splendours of his brush.

OTHER PICTURES

Two events in the history of art in Florence stand out as epoch-making. One was the production of the frescoes in the Carmine, by Masaccio, in 1423-28; the other, the rivalry between Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo in the historical cartoons prepared by them in the Palazzo Vecchio in 1504. All the young painters of both periods flocked to study these works. The Masaccios may still be seen: in poor condition it is true; but enough remains to prove their vigour and their innovating

effect, for before Masaccio no painter was dramatic as these figures are, no painter put figures, so to speak, in the round, and his perspective was far in advance of any predecessor. Masaccio is rare even in Italy, but in 1916, largely through the help of the National Art-Collections Fund, the London National Gallery was able to acquire an example, a "Madonna and Child," which has a strange freshness and charm.

Although it was eighty years later than the Carmine frescoes that Leonardo and Michelangelo were in competition, no trace of their work remains: but had it not been for Leonardo's composition it is possible that Raphael might never have painted on walls at all, or at any rate might never have painted the "School of Athens" and the "Disputa."

Another early work which the visitor to Florence should see is the Cenacolo, or "Last Supper" by Andrea del Castagno in the refectory of S. Apollonia, which is remarkable for its stern realism. Like many painters of this tragic repast, but unlike Leonardo, Castagno loaded the dice by setting Judas alone on the side of the table opposite his Lord. The National Gallery has a Castagno too, very grim and austere. Finally, for I cannot find room for altar-pieces, let me mention Ghirlandaio's frescoes in Santa Maria Novella and Andrea del Sarto's in the courtyard of the Scalzo and the cloisters of the Annunziata.

And I have said nothing of what, to many persons, is the most fascinating of the Florentine gal-

leries—the Bargello. But the Bargello is concerned only with plastic art and in a book about pictures we must not be lured into such by-paths. But if there were time and space, how agreeable it would be to say a word or two that might have the effect of sending readers post-haste to Florence to see Donatello's "St. George" and his coloured terra cotta head of Niccolo da Uzzano; to compare his "David" with that of Verrocchio, and Ghiberti's Baptistery panel with that of the defeated Brunelleschi; to see Michelangelo's "Madonna and Child" and the head of Brutus; and to pass in review the rival tendernesses of Luca and Andrea della Robbia!

Chapter XI: ROME

Chapter XI

ROME

Vatican Frescoes

THE Pinacoteca of the Vatican and certain pictures in the Villa Borghese and the Palazzo Doria make it necessary to consider Rome in such a series as this; but Rome's artistic fame is built not on easel pictures, but on mural decorations, on sculpture, and on architecture. The pictures which most distinguish the other cities of which I am writing could be interchanged—surely a very interesting and valuable if perilous and revolutionary experiment!—but the painting that we chiefly go to Rome to see is fixed there; principally that on the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, on the walls and ceilings of the papal apartments known now as Raphael's Stanze and Loggie, and on the ceiling of the Farnesina palace, but also elsewhere.

Michelangelo and Raphael receive the first attention; but many other fresco artists' work is to be sought for too, from Fra Angelico, who died in Rome while engaged on his task, to Raphael's many pupils, with Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Botticelli also represented.

No one who has not seen Raphael's wall paintings in Rome has any real knowledge of his genius, and to base an opinion of him as a painter on his

Madonnas alone, and even more to express it, is an error. Possibly the time is never ripe to do more than state in the most guarded way one's opinion of any great master; one can rarely see all of his work, and never be in a position to have seen all of it sufficiently recently. In the case of Raphael, periodical visits to Rome are a necessity.

As for Michelangelo, Rome is practically his only abode as a painter. We saw at the Uffizi his one finished easel picture and his one work in oil; there are in the London National Gallery two beginnings of masterpieces in tempera; but Rome has his Sistine ceiling and the Last Judgment, and the ceiling alone requires and demands weeks of very uncomfortable scrutiny. The mirror which the attendant supplies is a help; but only a couch on wheels, like a stretcher-chair, on which one might lie on one's back and be slowly moved and turned hither and thither, would really solve the problem. Perhaps the Pope has such an article for personal use. If I lived in Rome I should crave permission to bring one to the chapel with me. Thus placed, and only thus, could one rightly study the superhuman wonders of this feat of decoration, and realise how in every department of painting Michelangelo, had he been less of a colossus and less disdainful, might have ruled. The scene in which Adam is tempted is, for example, such a piece of tender romantic landscape as we associate with the name of Giorgione.

The long series of episodes from the Old Testa-

ment, too rapidly rounded off with four from the New, which is known as Raphael's Bible, is also difficult to see, although far from being so difficult as the Michelangelo ceiling; but the marvellous frescoes in the Stanze, although more accessible to the eye, suffer from lack of light and are a little worn. The School of Athens, which to my mind is the most fascinating, both in composition and colour, and the Disputa can be studied most easily. At the Farnesina one is struck by the freshness of the colours, which are like yesterday's. But there it is Raphael's designing pencil rather than his brush that we are honouring, for the actual painters were his pupils.

While still at the Vatican let me name one of Rome's few isolated pictures that seems to me to make a visit there essential: that early mural painting called the Nozze Aldobrandini, which was stripped, about 1600, from a wall in an excavated villa. This work, which experts consider to be a Roman copy of a Greek original of the fourth century B.C., represents a pagan marriage, and it is lovely both in design and colour, all being in soft greens and greys. One thinks of the delicate art of Albert Moore as one stands before it.

VATICAN PAINTINGS

The Pinacoteca of the Vatican, in its present form, is one of the most attractive galleries that I have ever seen. It is just large enough to satisfy the eye without tiring, and everything has been

picked and carefully hung since 1909, when Pius X decreed the change. Before then the pictures had been distributed in various places, the Lateran Museum amongst them; now they are co-ordinated in nine comfortable rooms, their principal value being historical, by reason of the great array of primitives, such as Martini, Memmi, Daddi, Gaddi, and their followers, down to Fra Angelico. Sano di Pietro, who delighted me in the Accademia of Siena, is strongly represented here; not a great painter, but a most entertaining illustrator. Raphael's "Coronation of the Virgin" is here, that perfect example of a church painting, with lilies springing up in the empty tomb; and near it a version by two of Raphael's young men, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni, in which the lilies are changed to a huddle of minor flowers and the glory goes. Among the special later works is an unfinished St. Jerome, which is confidently given to Leonardo. It is not for me to question it, and, indeed, there are several characteristics that seem to amount almost to proof. Finished, it would have been a splendid thing, with the Saint's lion—a real wild beast and not the gentle household pet that (as we shall see in Venice) Carpaccio makes him—roaring in the foreground.

THE VILLA BORGHESE

Rome has three civic galleries of Old Masters, but few treasures. Two pictures, however, at the Villa Borghese, are among the finest in the world:

Correggio's "Danaë" and Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," and Rome must be visited if for these alone. We shall find Correggio in an inspired moment at Dresden in the "Holy Night," and there are two of his pagan efforts awaiting us in Vienna; while we saw at the Louvre his lovely "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine" and at the National Gallery the "Cupid, Mercury, and Venus"; but I think that in the "Danaë" this gayest of painters, this hand of almost magical accomplishment, is at its best. Its liveliness amounts to a miracle. As for Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," as it is called—but probably the painter knew it by no such name, and the two women may as well be portraits as symbols—the longer one looks at it the more entrancing it becomes and the more one seems to be part of the enchanted scene. No work of Titian's has more of what we call the Giorgionesque feeling. "Not many years ago," says the official catalogue, "an American millionaire offered for this one painting a sum considerably higher than the amount paid by the Italian Government for the acquisition of the Villa and the whole gallery." Titian's "Venus Blindfolding Cupid" is also here, but the colour has perished. Another fine Venetian work is an imaginative scene by Paolo Veronese with a vast mileage behind a preaching monk. But after the Titian and the Correggio, it is to see the "Chase of Diana" by Domenichino that most people come to this gallery, and before any painting it is to see Pauline Buonaparte

(Princess Borghese) with almost nothing on, as done in marble by Canova. Of all the galleries that are described in this series, the Villa Borghese is the most agreeably placed, amid the lawns and ilexes of the gardens on the Pincian hill that now bear the name of Umberto I—where the nurse-maids sit among their charges and young Rome has its riding lessons and the American Seminarists practise baseball.

THE PALAZZO BARBERINI

The Borghese collections date from the taste and munificence of Cardinal Scipione Borghese, born in 1576, whose especial favourite among the artists of his time was Bernini, the sculptor of certain of the groups of statuary in the gallery and the architect of so much post-Michelangelo Rome. The Barberini pictures, lodged in the Palazzo which Bernini completed, were collected by Urban VIII, Pope from 1623 to 1644, and are now the property of the city, together with their magnificent home. There is nothing of the highest excellence, but the gallery has a vogue on account of Guido Reni's famous head which is called Beatrice Cenci but has been conclusively proved not to be so. I quote from Signor Colicci's recent work on the Cenci story: "The young girl of the Barberini gallery, who leans her head so gracefully on her left shoulder and lets her brown hair stray from under her turban—the young girl who is looking so simply and indifferently at some one looking at her, without a trace

of either joy or grief—this young girl is not Beatrice Cenci; she is the Samian Sibyl. We say this for the benefit of historians and artists, inasmuch as we know quite well that for the general public this effigy will always remain that of Beatrice Cenci." Recollection of the Cumæan Sibyl by Domenichino at the Borghese, or the Persian Sibyl in the Wallace Collection, should help us to accept this view. A good Andrea del Sarto and Dürer's curious representation of the "Boy Christ among the Scribes" remain in the memory.

THE PALAZZO DORIA-PAMPHILI

More remarkable than anything at the Barberini is the great portrait by Velasquez in the Palazzo Doria-Pamphili, which is open to the public for a few hours twice a week. This superb picture represents Pope Innocent X, and was painted by Velasquez on his second visit to Italy, to buy pictures for his royal master, in 1649-51. Sir Joshua Reynolds roundly called it the finest picture in Rome, and certainly there is none finer. The eyes have an extraordinary steadiness and penetration, and the arrangements of red could not be bolder or more subtle. The other famous Doria picture is Titian's "Herodias carrying the Head of John the Baptist," but the crowds gather before Sassoferrato's Madonna in a blue robe. I find marks in my catalogue against a Caracci "Pietà" and works by artists so dissimilar as Niccolà Rondinelli, Claude Lorraine, and Gerard of the Night.

Chapter XII: VENICE

Photo Anderson

POPE INNOCENT X. Velasquez
Rome

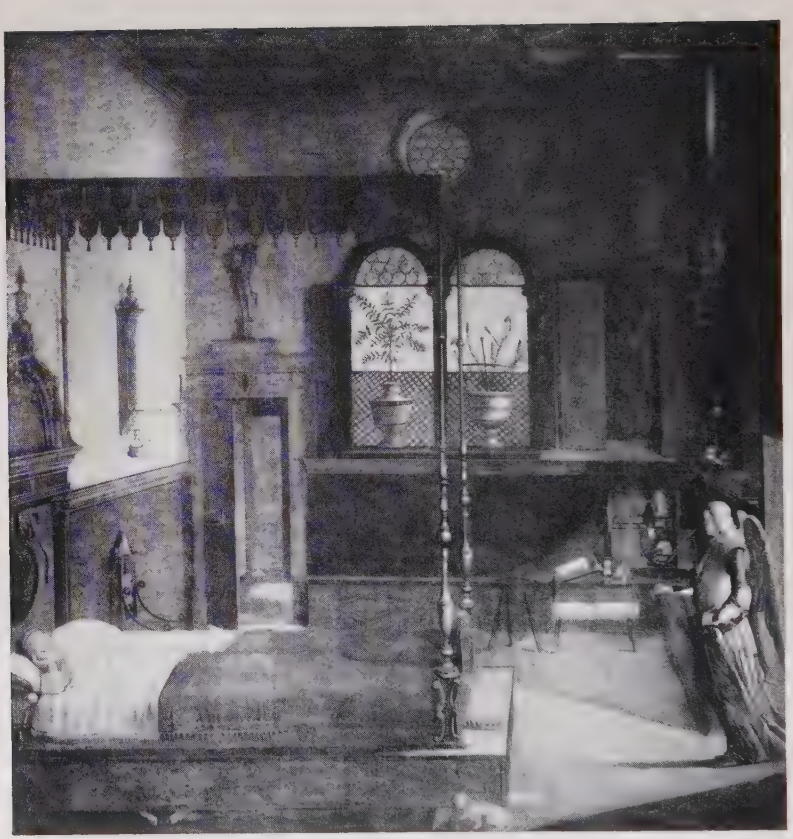

Photo Brogi

THE DREAM OF S. URSULA. Carpaccio
Venice

Chapter XII

VENICE

THE central gallery of Venice is the Accademia on the Campo di Carità, by the iron bridge which unites that Campo to the Campo di S. Vitale. It is here, in a pretentious modern building which partly supersedes and partly encloses the old Scuola di Santa Maria della Carità, that the work of Venetian painters has been brought together to be studied in mass.

But there are, in almost every case, finer examples elsewhere in the city; in the Ducal Palace and in the Scuola di San Rocco, where Tintoretto is the ruling spirit; in the Frari, where Titian's "Assumption" now occupies its original position over the high altar, moved thither from the Accademia since the war, and his Pesaro Madonna may be seen, and the altar-piece by Giovanni Bellini, with the two little musicians whom all the world loves; in San Zaccaria, which Bellini's even more glorious altar-piece has made a place of pilgrimage; in other churches too numerous to mention although a word must be said for the "Marriage at Cana" by Tintoretto at the Salute and for the "Presentation in the Temple" in the Church of the Madonna dell' Orto by the same powerful

hand, here softened by its theme; for San Giovanni Crisostomo's Sebastiano del Piombo, with a Giorgionesque glow; for the little wistful Giorgione in the Palazzo Giovanelli, sometimes called his "Family" but more probably having a classical origin; for the Palma Vecchio in Santa Maria Formosa for the Cima in San Giovanni in Bragora; for the Bellini triptych in San Tomà; for San Sebastiano's great altar-piece by Veronese; for the splendid Tiepolo frescoes in the Palazzo Labia; for Mantegna's "San Sebastiano" in the Cà d'Oro; and lastly for the tiny Church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, with its romantic and amusing Carpaccios.

THE ACCADEMIA

The name of Carpaccio brings us back to the Accademia, the true subject of these remarks, because it is, I assume, the Carpaccio room there, in which the story of St. Ursula is told in a series of paintings full of rich colour and delicate and dramatic thoughtfulness, that is its chief, or at any rate its most popular, possession. Vittore Carpaccio, a rare painter, was a Venetian, born probably in 1465, who lived until 1522. He is variously said to have been the pupil of Lazzaro Bastiani and of Gentile Bellini, the elder brother of Giovanni Bellini.

The legend of St. Ursula has many variants, but taking a central line through them it may be said to tell how that Royal virgin, the daughter of Deon-

otus, a King in Britain, was asked in marriage by a pagan prince. An angel, in a dream, bade her postpone the ceremony for three years, and meanwhile collect a band of fellow-virgins, convert them to Christianity, and devote the interval to a pilgrimage and to holy works. They sailed, eleven thousand strong, and in time came to Cologne, where they disembarked. They then seem to have walked to Rome and back, and on their return to Cologne they were massacred by the Huns. This version is far too compact and swift for Carpaccio, who has added a host of details, including royal ambassadors and all kinds of little human touches. The best-known picture of the series, which, in coloured reproduction, hangs in myriad English homes (where, however, St. Ursula has probably never been claimed as a compatriot), is that in which we see her in her bedroom dreaming of the angel, with her slippers under the four-poster and her feet under the bedclothes making a little hillock, and her books and writing-desk, her crown, and her funny little lap-dog.

Next to the Carpaccios, or perhaps before them, might be placed the series of Giovanni Bellini's Madonnas, some of them so curiously modern. There is nothing finer here than our own portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano; nothing so dramatic and moving as "The Agony in the Garden" and "The Death of S. Peter, Martyr," also in Trafalgar-square, where we are rich indeed in this master's work: but Venice has the "Madonna with

the Magdalen and S. Catherine," that very beautiful, serene thing, and also the little gay, golden allegories from a cassone lid, where the artist has a double appeal, for we see him as himself rejoicing in his colour and fancy, and we see him also as the master of those two Venetians who brought colour and its rapture to their highest power—Titian and Giorgione, with a foretaste of Burne-Jones.

But before passing to those Venetian colleagues and rivals, a word more should be said of the family of painters of which Giovanni Bellini is the most famous. The father was Jacopo Bellini, born in 1400, who, as I remarked in the article on the Uffizi, was a pupil of that most delightful early master Gentile da Fabriano, and in 1422 accompanied him to Florence, where he came under the influence also of Uccello, Masaccio, and Donatello the sculptor. In 1429 he was in Venice again, there—except for occasional visits to other cities to execute commissions—to remain. Jacopo claims attention because he was the father not only of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, but of the Venetian School as we understand the phrase; London is the possessor of his principal sketch-book, now at the British Museum, bequeathed by him to his son Gentile, and by Gentile to his brother Giovanni, in which it is simple to trace his influence not only on his two sons, but on his son-in-law Andrea Mantegna, of Padua.

Jacopo died in 1470 or 1471. His elder son Gentile was born in 1429 and was one of the first Venetian artists to substitute oil for tempera, the secret

of oil painting having been brought to Italy from the Netherlands by Antonello da Messina in the 1460's. Much of Gentile's most important work was destroyed by fire, but the Accademia has some elaborate and entertaining pictures of ecclesiastical pageantry which lend support to the theory that he taught Carpaccio. Giovanni Bellini, born in 1430, we know to have had many pupils, among them, in addition to Giorgione and Titian, Cima, Basaiti, Bissolo, Catena, Lorenzo Lotto, and Sebastiano del Piombo. In his early work Giovanni Bellini is often very like his brother-in-law Mantegna; but later he became more sensuous—more, as we should say, Venetian. It is an interesting fact that Albert Dürer, who visited Italy more than once, was the personal friend of both these painters. Finally, I should say of Giovanni Bellini that he was an innovator (probably through Antonello, who had seen the little pictures of the north) in the shape as well as the subject of pictures. Before his day most painting was done either for the Church or of it; but Bellini made pictures for wealthy and even irreligious Venetians' walls.

Venice is rich in Titian's work, but Giorgione is so rare a painter that not even in his own city's gallery is he represented. Two other Venetians are either not represented at the Accademia or very poorly: Antonello da Messina (middle of fifteenth century), whose little "Crucifixion" is one of London's most cherished possessions, and Carlo Crivelli

(second half of fifteenth century), in whose curious decorative work the National Gallery is so unexpectedly wealthy.

For Titian the Accademia is not perhaps the best place; but his pathetic last work is here, the "Pietà," which he meant for his tomb. One can see that the hand was weak—Titian was then eighty-nine—but the feeling is simpler and more sincere than in many of the pictures of his prime. The other great Titian is the "Presentation of the Virgin" on the very wall of one of the remaining old rooms—the strangers' room of the brotherhood—for which it was painted. This was the Titian of 1539, when he was fifty-two.

The two other masters who are to be seen at the Accademia almost if not quite at their best are Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, whose great and splendid composition "The Feast in the House of Levi" occupies a whole wall. We saw something very like it in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, but I think this is finer. Whether either can be called a religious picture is a question; they are certainly magnificent. Tintoretto is not found at the Accademia in so superb and magical a mood as that in which he created "The Origin of the Milky Way" in the National Gallery; but he never painted anything more dramatic than "The Miracle of St. Mark," where the most violent and emotional action is suddenly arrested and made plausible for all time. If art should deal with quiescence, this picture is all wrong; but if a mighty Venetian painter

should be allowed to have his own way, it is amazingly right.

I have mentioned some of the outstanding treasures of the Accademia, but its chief value to the student is its sequence of Venetian art from the fourteenth century onwards, from Lorenzo Veneziano through the Vivarini and Jacobello del Fiore to the Bellini, father and sons, to Carpaccio and Cima (1459-1518), and so to the gorgeous period of Titian (1487-1576), Giorgione (1477-1510), Tintoretto (1518-94), Palma Vecchio (1480-1528), Lotto (1480-1556), Bonifazio dei Pitati (1487-1553), Paris Bordone (1500-71) down to the last of the great men, that most interesting anachronism, Gian Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770). With Tiepolo the great strain died out. But much accomplishment was left, to be seen in the water-pieces of Canaletto (1697-1768) and Guardi (1712-93), and the masquerades of Pietro Longhi (1702-85), whose work, however, is better placed in the Museo Civico, now lodged in the Royal Palace.

Photo Naya

MADONNA AND SLEEPING CHILD. Giovanni Bellini
Venice

WINTER SCENE. Breughel
Vienna

Chapter XIII: VIENNA

Chapter XIII

VIENNA

THE Art-History Museum—Kunsthistorisches Hof Museum—of Vienna is one of the handsome twin buildings in the Maria Theresa Platz, opposite the Hof Burg, or Royal Palace. On the right is the Natural History Museum; on the left the Art-History. Like all the Viennese public institutions, they are on the grand scale. The Art-History Museum as a whole is comparable with the Louvre, for it takes note also of sculpture, jewels, and Egyptian antiquities. Our concern is solely with the picture gallery, the principal contents of which used to be lodged in the Upper Belvedere in the gardens of the Belvedere Palace, the old summer residence of the Emperor.

We saw at the Prado to what good purpose Charles V had collected; the nucleus of the Viennese gallery was formed by Charles's brother, Ferdinand I, who succeeded as Roman Emperor when Charles abdicated and passed into eremitical retirement with his Titians. Charles's pictures were left to his son Philip; Ferdinand's in part to his eldest son Maximilian, who succeeded him as Emperor, and in part to his second son the Archduke Ferdinand of Tirol. Maximilian made Vienna

his home and himself bought pictures; the other two portions of the collection left the city, but came back to it many years later. In 1889 the final fusion occurred, and in 1891 the present building was ready for them.

Since we left Spain we have had an almost complete holiday from Rubens; but in Vienna he is himself again, not only at the Art-History Museum, but at Prince Liechtenstein's; and here, too, is Van Dyck beside him, providing the usual leaven of austerity. If, however, the curator were asked to declare his trump cards he would, I imagine, pass over Rubens and even Titian and Rembrandt and name Giorgione's "Three Magi" and the set of Old Brueghels. Not that the Old Brueghels are superior to the many Titians or the Rembrandts; but these masters can be seen elsewhere, while not even in Belgium are there such Brueghels as these. But the curator would probably have some searchings of conscience as he dismissed those others, not to mention Dürer's "Trinity" and Correggio's "Io," and Lorenzo Lotto's "Youth's Head" and Parmigianino's "Cupid," that almost dazzling achievement.

The Venetians are in the rooms at the head of the staircase. Titian is here not only in some of his most golden moments, but also when most like his master, Giovanni Bellini, as in the "Gipsy Madonna" and the "Madonna with the Cherries," but far beyond Bellini in power. Here is that most dramatic of his works, the "Ecce Homo," and, so

different, the "Child with the Tambourine." And some of his finest portraits, too. Tintoretto's portrait of Sebastiano Veniero, the admiral, with his ancient element seen through the window, is magnificent. Among the other colourists are Lotto with a lovely "Holy Family" and the famous and very modern portrait of the young man in black against a curtain edged with green; and Palma Vecchio, Schiavone and Paris Bordone. But it is to Giorgione's "Three Magi" (who may equally, even more probably, be Three Grecian Philosophers) that one returns again and again, for it has a separate quality of sweetness, and some of that melancholy beauty which pervades a serene sunset. We shall find later Old Brueghel setting his black trunks unforgettably against a winter sky; here Giorgione also unforgettably, but with tenderness, sets his more delicate trees and foliage against the warmer hues of summer. Bellini, Giorgione's master as well as Titian's, is near by, with a beautiful pagan scene which contains the promise of both pupils. The other great Venetian—more strictly Brescian—here is Moretto, with his sumptuous "St. Justina."

Crossing the landing we come to a room of Van Dycks, both portraits and subject pieces, with another of his superb Men in Armour, and another of his versions of the Princess of Orange; and next are rooms in which Rubens flaunts his power, both as a painter for pagans and for the Church. His immense "Festival of Venus" is here, the river gods,

his "St. Ignatius casting out devils," the brilliant sketch for which is elsewhere in the gallery, and his "St. Ambrose forbidding the Emperor Theodosius to enter"; while among the portraits is one of Maximilian I, who helped to form the collection, and another of Hélène Fourment, the painter's second wife, caught emerging from the bath with her cloak not more scrupulously covering her than the artist would wish. To complete his variety we have a landscape in a thunderstorm. The faithful Jordaens is also here, with another treatment of his favourite subject (we saw one in the Louvre) "The Drinking King."

In the early Netherlands masters the gallery is rich, too: particularly the work of Joost van Cleve, with his paint, as usual, in such a perfect condition; Barend van Orley; Jan Scorel; Mabuse, with St. Luke painting the Virgin and Child and the angel guiding his hand, a very fine version of this favourite theme; Jacob Cornelisz, with a very warmly coloured triptych; Roger van der Weyden, with a tiny but exquisite Madonna; Jan van Eyck's memorable portrait of Cardinal della Croce; altarpieces by Memling; Gerard David's "Adoration," with the Child's body diffusing light; a "Baptism" by Patinir; a double portrait by Hugo van der Goes, and two little Stations of the Cross, with exquisite lighting, by Juan de Flandres—in fact, a marvellous foretaste of what we are to find in Brussels and Antwerp.

Next, isolated on screens of honour, is the famous

series of pictures by that most modern and idiosyncratic of the Flemings, Pieter Brueghel, called variously Old Brueghel, Peasant Brueghel, and Brueghel the Droll, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century and every day now is exciting more interest. We saw something by him at the Louvre, and we shall find him again in Belgium, but to see him at his best it is necessary to go to Vienna. In England we know him chiefly through reproductions. At the National Gallery is his "Adoration of the Magi," but, good though that is, it is not of the first quality, and in spirit is to many people distasteful, for in very few representations of that event has such a vein of satire, or at any rate sardonic humour, been let loose. But in Vienna there is the famous winter landscape with its bare trees, which their painter handled with such truth and with an almost Japanese sense of decorative inevitableness. As it happened, two Japanese youths were in the Brueghel room on one of my visits, and judging by the excited tone of their conversation—for I could not follow it—they were filled with enthusiasm, not only for the winter landscape, but for the marriage feast too, with its vermilions and yellows so adroitly placed; while when they reached the picture of the village school out for a few minutes' play they gurgled with rapture.

Apart from his force as a colourist his originality in selecting subjects to paint, and his sense of composition, Brueghel is remarkable for his realism. The only artist with whom I can compare him as a

consistent and relentless delineator of people as they are is Mr. George Morrow.

In addition to these pictures there is the moving scene of Christ on the way to Calvary: of course, a Flemish scene, for that was Old Brueghel's way —but not the less vivid and absorbing for that— the motto of which might be "In the midst of death we are in life." Now and then among so much that is homely or even coarse, we find a figure of extraordinary refinement. There is also the heroic effort to present the Tower of Babel, where is depicted a new world filled with buildings that every architect should study.

We now come to the "Trinity" of Dürer, one of the chief treasures here: a marvellous piece of elaboration, like a Fra Angelico sophisticated. A "Madonna and Child," near by, also by Dürer, gives me more pleasure. Other German masters follow, including Holbein, with portraits of Jane Seymour the Queen and John Chambers the doctor, and some of the early men, including the too realistic Michael Pacher; and then to one's surprise, behold a golden Reynolds, and an astonishing Hogarth that seems to have most of Raeburn in it, a Gainsborough landscape, and a Zoffany! Not since Sir John Lavery's self-portrait at the Pitti have we seen an English hand. The Spanish room is unexpected too, with a vase of flowers in one of the Velasquez portraits (the little Infanta Margarita Theresa) from which it is difficult to tear the eyes away.

There is also a head of Philip II, very like the

Photo Hanfstaengl

MARIA LOUISA DE TASSIS. Van Dyck
Liechtenstein, Vienna

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE PAINTER AND HIS WIFE, ISABELLA BRANT. Rubens
Munich

one in the National Gallery, and an interesting family group by Velasquez's son-in-law, Del Mazo. A good Coello, too.

I pass over the Neapolitan and late Italian painters and come to the Correggios: the "Io" and the "Ganymede," so confident, so pagan, and so voluptuous. The "Io," indeed, might be the work, save for its quality, of a Paris Salon exhibitor, with its shadowy lover's mouth kissing from the clouds. With these pictures I should name again the Parmigianino, "Cupid shaping his Bow." If there is a more brilliantly vivacious work than this anywhere, I should like to see it. Bronzino's portrait group with the curious boys should be mentioned too, and, lastly, before we leave Italy for Holland, the very beautiful Raphael, the "Madonna al Verde," with its memories of Leonardo; the Peruginos; and Fra Bartolommeo's great work, the "Presentation in the Temple."

The Dutch cabinets provide another of those surprises of which I spoke in the opening chapter. We know what London has of Dutch art, in public galleries—at the National Gallery and the Wallace—as well as privately (Sir Otto Beit, for example, in Belgrave-square, with two Vermeers and perhaps the best Metsu in existence); we saw the Dutch rooms at the Louvre; we saw the few but remarkable examples at the Uffizi. With Vienna begins a steady series of masterpieces of the Dutch School which will continue into Holland and Belgium. I cannot do more than name a few of the

outstanding works. In one of the cabinets there are no fewer than eight Rembrandts, including the beautiful portrait of his son Titus reading. Notable are Peter de Hooch; Terburg at his best; Emmanuel de Witte, not better than at the National Gallery, but perfect; Jan van der Capelle; Van Goyen; Salomon Ruisdael; Jan Steen; Brouwer, and Robert van den Hoekker. The miracle is not that they are here, but that they are everywhere; always conscientious, always painting with the best paint, always suggesting labour and the love of labour, always giving pleasure to the eye.

The following passage which I cut from *The Observer* while this book was being printed, illustrates the difficulty—more, the impossibility—of ever being absolutely up to date with a work of this kind. It is a communication from the paper's Vienna correspondent:—

"The director of the Museum of Historic Art, Dr. Glück, and his colleagues are exhibiting at the Künstlerhaus many invaluable old masters, just acquired, not by money, which the Government cannot afford, but by exchange, donation from private sources, bequest, and the searching of old stores. No fewer than sixty works thus brought together in the course of the last few years are shown.

"Perhaps the three finest are a work by Albrecht Dürer, so far unknown, of a young Venetian woman, signed and dated 1505, and painted, without doubt, during his stay in Venice; a newly-discovered Velasquez from 1659, representing the

Infanta Margarita Theresa, the wife of Emperor Leopold I, which was thought to have been lost; and 'The Scourging of Christ,' by Tintoretto, a specimen of his late period, magnificent in colouring and rather robust in movement. One of the best of the other Italians is Jacopo Bassano, represented by a capital 'Carrying of the Cross.' Young Rubens is represented by a portrait of the Archduke Albert, and in a few days that of his wife, Isabella Eugenia, will also be exhibited.

"There is a remarkable work by Jacob Jordaens, showing the three nude daughters of Cecrops (three Antwerp ladies having served as models). Conspicuous by its dark colouring and effects of light is a 'Circumcision of Christ' by Aert de Gelder, a pupil of Rembrandt; while Martin Heemskerck's characteristic picture of Vulcan, Mars, and Venus leaves a rather brutal impression. The portrait of a lady by Lucas Cranach the elder, from whose brush four works are exhibited, was probably painted during his sojourn in Vienna. The Old Austrian School of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is represented by a number of remarkable paintings. Works by Wolf Huber, Altdorfer, Hieronymos Bosch, Baldung Grein, and Salomon Ruisdael complete the collection; and I must not conclude without mentioning the beautiful self-portrait by Goya—one of the gems of the new collection."

The Liechtenstein Collection must be seen by all visitors to Vienna, if only for the two most popular

pictures: Van Dyck's Marie Louise von Tassis, which is perhaps his most beautiful portrait of a woman, and Rubens' portrait of his two sons. The light is bad, for the rooms were not constructed for the purpose to which they are put; and on the top floor, where the Dutch pictures and the famous Chardins are, it practically dies at the windows, so that a visit is little more than a tantalisation. The Chardins are "The Cook" and "The Departure for School," both delicious and not to be compared with any other painter's work. There are too many ordinary Dutch pictures, but a valuable little collection could be excavated from them.

Downstairs, in the principal rooms, are the masterpieces, which include the series of designs made by Rubens and Van Dyck for tapestry representing deeds in the life of Decius Mus. The Rembrandts, one of which is the self-portrait with the feather, and another, the woman with the pearls, are very fine. There is the full-length portrait of Willem van Heythuysen, a magnificent fellow, by Frans Hals, which used to be known as the "Man with a Sword." There is Rubens' sketch of a child's head, probably one of his sons. There are several more Van Dycks. Indeed, for Rubens and Van Dyck alone the Liechtenstein Gallery has to be visited. For the rest, there is the head known as Ginevra dei Benci, to which the mighty name of Leonardo da Vinci is given, sometimes by critics and always by the publishers of picture post-cards; there is Andrea del Sarto's "John the Baptist," a

very attractive work; there is a typical Botticelli; a very fine Moroni portrait, and one of the best Guido Renis that I have seen, an Adoration, a perfect altar-piece for children. Two other of the later Italian masters, whom I do not seek too eagerly, are also well represented: Sassoferrato and Caravaggio.

The Liechtenstein treasures have their palace; but Count Czernin's Vermeer is in a flat, behind one of those immense public buildings of which Vienna has a greater supply than any other city, or seems to have: in this case, the Rathaus. The Vermeer is that one which is called "The Artist in his Studio," but as only his back is seen it might equally be not Vermeer but another. The girl, however, is obviously the same girl that Vermeer painted more than once, probably one of his daughters. The picture is a marvel of dexterity, but I found that it did not give me such a thrill as other and simpler works from this mysterious hand. Much of it, however, is so accomplished as to merit the word magical once more.

Chapter XIV: MUNICH

Chapter XIV

MUNICH

MUNICH has its National Gallery and its Tate close together, in the shape of the Old Pinakothek and the New Pinakothek. My concern at this time being only with the Old Masters, I will merely say of the New Pinakothek that it was an agreeable surprise to come to the room where the Lenbach portraits are now assembled and to find how well they wear. The Bismarck seems to have grown more massive, and there is an old lady that might almost be from Rembrandt's own hand.

The Old Pinakothek was built for a picture gallery in the eighteen-twenties and -thirties by that munificent prince and friend of the arts Ludwig I, and the pictures within it are chiefly of Royal descent. An early Bavarian prince, Johann, employed Jan Van Eyck to paint for him from 1422 to 1424, but nothing remains of that period, all being lost under Johann's successor, Ludwig V. Wilhelm IV, who died in 1550, was a patron of the arts, but the first collector to make a gallery was his successor Albrecht V (1550-79), and many of the Old Pinakothek pictures are his. Maximilian the Great (1573-1631) had a real taste for paint-

ing, and bought Dürers, Holbeins, and Rubenses, but war interfered and made the gratification of such a hobby impossible. His successor, Ferdinand Maria (1651-79) also encouraged the arts, but preferred those of Italy.

The true father of the Old Pinakothek was Ferdinand Maria's son, Maximilian II Emanuel (1679-1726), with whom the acquisition of pictures, regardless equally of their cost or of his means to discharge it, was a passion. In the first year of his reign a new castle had to be built to accommodate his purchases, while in his capacity as Stadtholder of the Netherlands he was subjected to picture-buying temptations which he made not the slightest attempt to resist. At one blow, in 1698, he bought one hundred and five pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, and other of the great Northerners, which his successor had to pay for. Many are in Munich still, but some he gave away or sold. The Duke of Marlborough, for instance, bought from him the great "Charles I on Horseback," which is now in the London National Gallery.

The next royal amateur was the Elector Palatine Charles Theodore, to whom the succession passed on the death of Maximilian III Joseph in 1777, and who was the founder of the Düsseldorf Academy. He showed little interest in Bavaria, but transferred to Munich the Mannheim collection formed by the Elector Charles Philip, while his successor Maximilian IV Joseph brought to the city the Zweibrücken pictures, 2000 in number. In

1795 the French entered Munich, under General Moreau, by whom the galleries were despoiled, both in his own interests and those of France; but some of the missing works were brought back after the peace of 1815, while the famous Düsseldorf collection was transferred by Napoleon to Munich in 1805. And then came Ludwig I to build the present gallery, to organise and arrange, and to add the remarkable collection of altar-pieces which the brothers Boisserée saved from the spoliation of the Cologne convents in 1805-10 after their suppression by Napoleon. These paintings give Munich a very special place in art.

The Munich gallery, like that of Vienna and the Louvre, is divided into big rooms and cabinets—a Continental custom which, though useful for the disposition of the smaller pictures, makes it difficult to get quickly a clear view of the true wealth of a collection. For instance, if one is to study each school in turn, one must be continually moving from the big room of that school to its cabinet dependencies. I have mentioned the early Germans, in Rooms II and III. In Cabinets I and II are more: works by Stephan Lochner, by the "Master of the Life of the Virgin," the "Master of Liesborn," the "Master of the Perle von Brabant" (a most delightful triptych), and so forth. Here the Munich gallery is rich indeed, and naturally in the later German masters too, such as Altdorfer, Hans Baldung Grein, Martin Schongauer, and Holbein with an exquisite miniature. And so on with the

other schools. Rubens and Van Dyck, for example, in addition to their large canvases in Rooms VI and VII, have a number of smaller works in Cabinets XII and XIII, including Rubens' "Sleeping Diana" in a landscape by Jan Brueghel and Van Dyck's beautiful portrait of Georg Petel. Rubens' sketches for the Marie de Médicis series in the Louvre are preserved in the Munich gallery, and one can see in them, almost as convincingly as anywhere, what a daring and dashing hand was his in its first thoughts.

We come at once, at the top of the many steps, to the great Flemings: Roger van der Weyden, with St. Luke at work on the portrait of the Madonna; Gerard David; Dirk Bouts; and a great and masterly Memling, a synthetic life of Christ. Then a room of early German altar-pieces, some very grisly in their realism; others, such as that by "The Master of the Death of the Virgin," very sweet and simple and full of intimate touches. The glory of the next room is Dürer, with his famous Peter and Paul, so rich and gracious.

In the Dutch rooms we find Rembrandt's "Abraham and Isaac," and the portrait of Sylvius on loan from the Carstanjen collection: but finer Rembrandts are awaiting us in one of the cabinets, notably a marvellous "Descent from the Cross." A better Hals, also on loan, than the big sketchy group that hangs here, also awaits us: a "Fish Girl"; and there is, also in one of the little rooms, his rugged minute portrait of Willem Croes. A night sea-

piece by Cuyp has great beauty, not the less so because so many of its neighbouring canvases are huge hunting scenes and bulging larders. Bol and Maes have each two good portraits here.

With Rooms V and VI we are with the mighty Rubens again. Every phase of his energy is represented, from the "Last Judgment," as big as a tennis-lawn, to the portrait of himself with his first wife Isabella Brant; from the "Landscape with Rainbow" to the "Drunken Silenus"; from the portrait of Dr. Van Thulden to the "Lion Hunt." Not the least interesting of the portraits are those of Philip IV, who otherwise was pledged as a sitter to Velasquez alone, and of Isabella, which Rubens painted when he was on his political mission to Spain in 1628 and Velasquez was appointed by the King to make him comfortable. Here also is a brilliant Jordaens: "The Satyr in the Peasants' Home," the story illustrated being Æsop's fable which runs thus: "A man and a satyr once poured out libations together in token of a bond of alliance being formed between them. One very cold wintry day, as they talked together, the man put his fingers to his mouth and blew on them. On the satyr inquiring the reason of this, he told him that he did it to warm his hands, they were so cold. Later on in the day they sat down to eat, the food prepared being quite scalding. The man raised one of the dishes a little towards his mouth, and blew in it. On the satyr again inquiring the reason of this, he said that he did it to cool the meat, it was so hot.

'I can no longer consider you as a friend,' said the satyr: 'a fellow who with the same breath blows hot and cold!' "

After the heat and exuberance of Rubens it is pleasant to come, as one nearly always is able to do in every important gallery, to the cool reserves of Van Dyck; and he is at his best in Munich, both as a portrait painter and as a painter of religious scenes. There is no portrait more distinguished than our own "Van der Geest," but there are many more than we possess, and the Holy Family resting is a very beautiful work. Perhaps one remains longest before the portrait of poor Lady Mary Ruthven playing the 'cello, so charming and wistful is she. This was the lady whom, rather to lure him from others, chiefly the dangerous Margaret Lemon, Van Dyck's friends induced him to propose to and marry; but little happiness was the result, and the painter nearly had his right hand destroyed as a mark of the avenging Lemon's jealousy.

When it comes to the Tuscans and Umbrians we can easily hold our own with Munich. Indeed, Munich is poor, its chief treasures in the large Italian rooms being the two Raphaels; chief of them the Canigiani "Holy Family," which for all its placid sweetness would be more pleasing if it were not for the features of St. Anne; Andrea del Sarto's "Holy Family," and a very fine Perugino, "The Virgin appearing to St. Bernard." I noticed also interesting examples of Francia, Raffaello del

Garbo, and Liberale da Verona. But in the Venetians the gallery is stronger. It has a series of battle pieces by Tintoretto, depicting events in the history of the Gonzaga family, which ought to be better hung; as it is, they are skied.

Before we begin on the cabinets we come to a room of odds and ends that is very interesting. Two very fine Tiepolos, one of them on loan: an astonishing Guardi, a gala concert in Venice with an orchestra of women fiddling for their lives, and a candelabrum painted as though by Mr. Sargent; a superb Chardin; a classical scene in Italy, by that other and earlier J. F. Millet (1642-79); a variety of French portraits; a still life by Desportes; Goya's amazing portrait of Luisa Queen of Spain, a masterpiece both of characterization and paint; a Spanish girl of unearthly pallor, in a veil and green cloak, by El Greco, on loan; Velasquez's portrait of himself, and, even better, his portrait of a young man. Murillo is here, too, with some Seville street urchins. Miscellaneous rooms can always be very diverting, and this is one of the best; and it divides the main rooms and the little cabinets very acceptably.

In Room XI are French pictures, notably Poussins and Claudes; of the Poussins the "Apollo and Daphne" and the "Bewailing Christ" particularly remain in the memory. (Elsewhere, placed among the Dutchmen, is an arresting picture by Louis Le Nain: a painter at work on a woman's portrait.)

Room XII is Venetian, the glory of which is

Titian, whose whole range is represented. Most beautiful is a Giorgionesque "Madonna and Child," but the portrait of a man (probably Aretino) is superb. Both are from the Düsseldorf collection. Perhaps the most interesting is the portrait of Charles V, whom we saw on horseback, and also in the presence of God the Father, the Madonna and Child, painted by the same hand, at the Prado. Here the Emperor is seated in his chair, in a velvet cap, with a landscape seen through the loggia pillars. Repainting is suspected, and Rubens has even been named as having touched up the landscape; but the picture has a great air of authority. Charles is said to have remarked that his natural ugliness was usually increased by artists, and therefore it gave him a pull with strangers if they had seen one of his portraits before they saw him! Titian's work is dated 1548, when the painter was seventy-one. He had first painted Charles V in Bologna sixteen years before; the Munich portrait was done at Augsburg. Among the finest Venetian pictures is a bearded Venetian by Paris Bordone; and there are good examples of Moretto and Lotto.

In Cabinets XVII-XX we find the Venetians and other Italian painters again: a good Cima, a good Veronese "Adoration," a head by Piombo, Raphael's "Tempi Madonna," a Franciabigio with interesting colour, and a very beautiful Antonello da Messina.

For other Rembrandts—a series of six representations of the Passion, together with the marvellous

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REST IN THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT. Van Dyck
Munich

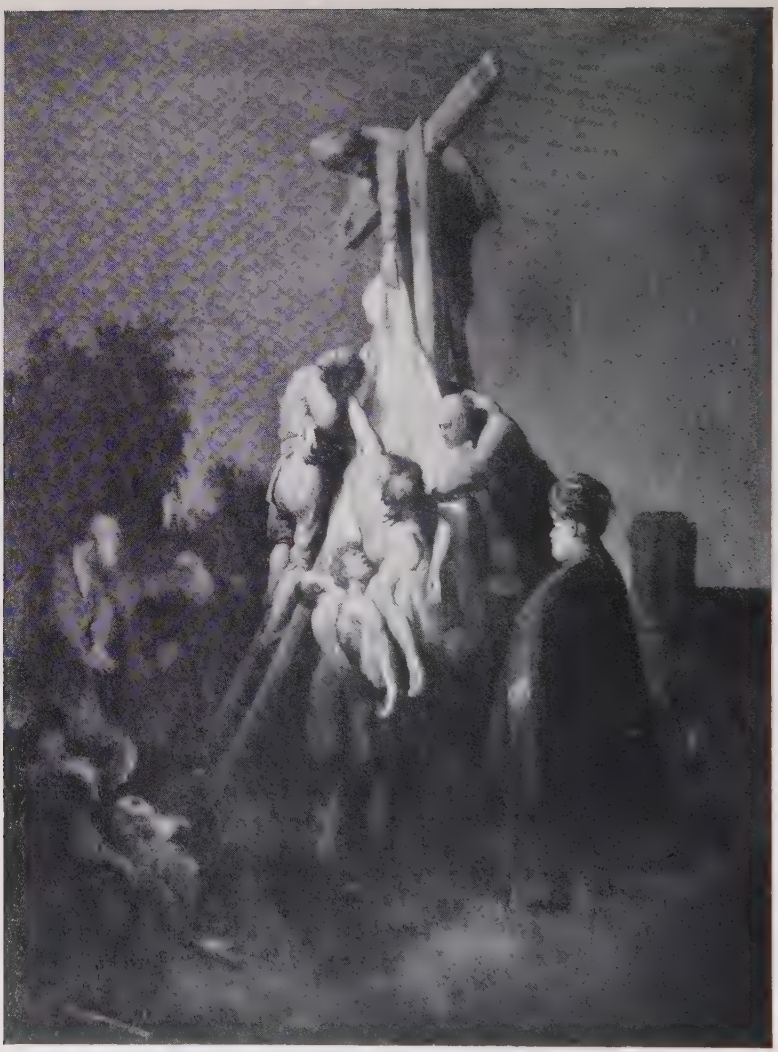

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. Rembrandt
Munich

"Descent from the Cross," which I have mentioned —and for scores and scores of Dutch painters at their best, we must resort to the little rooms. After the Rembrandts in Cabinet VIII, which alone would make Munich a necessary resort of all students of painting, the chief Dutch possessions are the Adriaen Brouwers in Cabinet XV, the largest assemblage of this rare master that I have seen. To my mind Brouwer is more distinguished than Teniers and even than Ostade, although Ostade at his finest is very near him. The Munich pictures are all of a piece—a peasant or so, in blue or green coat, in a tavern, with a dark background, but each is a masterpiece. There is nothing big and poetical like the "Landscape with Tobias and the Angel" in the London National Gallery, while one has to go to the Louvre to see a work that supplies any evidence that Brouwer was Frans Hals' pupil—"The Smoker." But the Munich tavern series is priceless.

Among the very remarkable Dutch pictures I noted a very good Aert van der Neer quite in the Barbizon manner. I found also, as I always do among the Dutch rooms in these galleries, a name new to me, L. de Vadder, beneath another landscape of curious modernity. On looking up references I find de Vadder to have lived and worked in Brussels from 1605 to 1655.

Chapter XV: DRESDEN

Chapter XV

DRESDEN

THE Dresden collection, which is housed in a stately building designed for it in the middle of the last century, owes its existence to Augustus I (1526-86), but its eminence to Augustus III (1696-1763), Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. In 1745 Augustus III made an offer to Francis III, Duke of Modena, which that prince could not refuse, and he thus became owner of the cream of the Duke's pictures, including the works of the Parmesan school, while, eight years later, he managed to induce the Benedictine monks of San Sisto, Piacenza, to sell him Raphael's most famous Madonna, the "Sistine."

This work, still the apple of the eye of the gallery, has a little room all to itself, with benches for the devout. But it is possible to be equally if not more thrilled by the Correggios, which include the "Holy Night"; by Titan's "Tribute Money"; by Holbein's portrait of the Sieur de Morette; and by the little Van Eyck triptych.

This is not to say anything slighting of Raphael, whose calm, assured perfection was never more evident. It is, indeed, possible that the picture suffers from its very popularity, the memory of a mil-

lion reproductions of it having over-familiarised the eye, not to the point of contempt but of comparative indifference. To find it so large may be the surprise. It is one of the many pictures which, as one progresses through the galleries—all the galleries except those of Holland—demand an altar beneath them, but have lost that association probably for ever. The picture was painted for the Benedictine church of San Sisto at Piacenza when Raphael was about thirty-two, and it remained in its proper sacred position for more than two hundred years, until, in 1753, it was sold to the Elector Augustus III and a copy set up in its place. The price paid was 20,000 crowns, or £9,000, which was £61,000 less than England gave the Duke of Marlborough for Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" in the National Gallery.

At Munich, as at Vienna, as at the Prado, as at the Louvre, there are Rubenses and Van Dycks in profusion, and we come to them at once. Van Dyck's portraits of Queen Henrietta and a Man in Armour remain graciously in the mind; while Rubens has a night piece with startling effects of light that is a change from his usual manner. Hung among them are superbly painted hunting and larger scenes by Wildens and Snyders, and some strong, bold, uncompromising work by Jordaens, including the large "Diogenes with his Lantern," where the cynic is being mocked not by Athenians but by Flemings.

The Rembrandt room comes next, and this alone

makes Dresden essential; for here are the Saskia with a pink, the "Manoah," the amusing "Ganymede," the "Man with the Turkey," the "Samson," and that beautiful study of an old woman weighing gold. In this room are also a fine landscape by Koninck, a portrait of a mother and little girl by De Jongh, a rare painter, and Vermeer's "Young Courtesan," that splendid massive work with the glorious yellow bodice in it. We find Rembrandt again in the little rooms, where there is Saskia in a saucy mood and the William Burggraeff; and Rembrandt's followers are strongly represented too, especially Bol.

A Flemish room succeeds, with notable work by Breu, Barend van Orley, Dürer (his own portrait) and the Master of the Death of the Virgin; and then comes a big new room given chiefly to Lucas Cranach, but made fascinating by a triptych by Dürer, in the manner of Mantegna, on silk or some such material, with little angelic Brownies in it performing domestic duties while the Child sleeps. There is also a moving little "Crucifixion" by Dürer, whom we find again at his best, in the room where Holbein's magnificent portrait of the Sieur de Morette has the place of honour. This is one of the great portraits of the world. Next it, also from the same careful hand, is the remarkable little picture of Sir Thomas Godsalve and his son, and on another wall is Jan van Eyck's tiny triptych, a jewel of paint, representing the Madonna and Child enthroned, with St. Catherine on the right wing

and St. Michael and the donor on the left. The vivacity of the Child is amazing, considering the minuteness of the work. St. Catherine has the prettiest blue and ermine robe you ever saw, and behind her, through the window, is one of Van Eyck's fairy cities. The monarch whose travelling altar-piece this is said to have been should have been constant at his devotions.

We now return through the Cupola, or Tapestry Room, so-called from the tapestries from Raphael's designs which hang there, to the Italian pictures, and then to the little cabinets. Dresden still maintains the old principle of the segregation of special masterpieces, which, as I have said, the Louvre and the Uffizi have given up. In the Cupola, which divides the schools of the North and the South, we find some rich and noble and unforgettable works, chief of them Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus." This picture is said to have been left unfinished at Giorgione's early death and finished by Titian. The buildings on the hill are the same as those in the "Noli me Tangere" in the London National Gallery, which is so very Giorgionesque, but is given in the catalogue to Titian; and I have seen it suggested that, seen from the other side, they may be found in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love"; but what this proves, or even suggests, one cannot say. If Titian found no landscape in the Venus when he came to complete it, he might naturally add one of his own. The circumstance that Titian's famous "Venus" at the Uffizi is in precisely the same atti-

Photo Hanfstaengl

HOLY NIGHT. Correggio
Dresden

Photo Hantstaengl

GEORGE GISZE. Holbein
Berlin

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE SCHOOL OF ANATOMY. Rembrandt

Mauritshuis, The Hague

Photo Mansell

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL. Vermeer
Mauritshuis, The Hague

tude as Giorgione's is also to be noted. There was once a Cupid in Giorgione's version, but it has now been eliminated. The "Venus" is interesting also in being so like the picture in another room by that master who often came near to Giorgione, but never too near—Palma Vecchio—and who may thus be carefully compared with him.

After the Giorgione the gem of the room is, perhaps, the Cima, the little Virgin's visit to the Temple, which has Cima's lucidity, simplicity, and charm. The Botticelli is disappointing, and the Francia and the Cossa are nothing very remarkable; but two other pictures here have a special interest apart from their merit. One is the "St. Sebastian" by Antonello da Messina, with its fine colour and lively scene through the arches. But for Antonello, who died in 1479, this Cupola, to say nothing of the gallery as a whole, might be a very different place, for, without his northern expedition to bring back the secret of oil, there might not yet have been acceptable and sympathetic pigment for Giorgione, born 1477, or Cima, born in 1459, to paint with, to say nothing of Palma Vecchio and Veronese and Titian, to whom we are coming.

The other special picture is the "Galatea" by Jacopo de' Barbari, a Venetian, who also had his northern experiences, for having met Albert Dürer in Venice in 1494, on that master's first Italian visit, he was inspired to settle in Nuremberg a few years later, and it is believed that he had no little influence

on Dürer's later style. Barbari, who in Germany was known as Jacob Walch, died in 1515, Dürer in 1528.

For the pick of the other Venetians in the Dresden gallery we must now seek Room D and one or two of the Cabinets. Titian reigns supreme, and all his moods may be studied; but as a colourist he is finest in the "Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist and the Magdalen, St. Paul and St. Jerome." Then there is the cool portrait of his daughter Lavinia, and the superbly dignified portrait of an artist Antonio Palma in a black cloak —"The Man with a Palm"—with a rich landscape seen through the window; and perhaps above all "The Tribute Money," which is radiant with life.

Tintoretto is here, too, with portraits, one of which, of a woman, might have taught Goya much; and the sumptuous Paolo Veronese has some great family groups; but a little "Crucifixion" seemed to me his finest work. We find rapturous colour again in Palma Vecchio's "Holy Family" and in Andrea del Sarto's "St. Catherine," while there is an El Greco hung here that is liker Tintoretto than himself. Mantegna's "Holy Family" and Lotto's "Madonna with Christ and St. John," remain to be mentioned among Dresden's best possessions.

The glory of Room E is that brilliant pagan (I don't mind how Christian his subject; he was a pagan to the core) Antonio Allegri, known to the world as Correggio, after the town of his birth, near Parma. It is to Parma that one must go to

see his frescoes, but his pictures are scattered. We have in the London National Gallery the fascinating "Mercury instructing Cupid," and I noted at the Louvre the "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine," that almost Venetian work; at the Prado the "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalen"; in Rome the "Danäe"; and in Vienna the "Io" and the "Ganymede"; but the Dresden altar-pieces are among the greatest works; and the "Holy Night" is perhaps the most remarkable, not only in treatment, but in idea, for the light which irradiates the surrounding worshippers, and is so intense as to cause one of them to shade her eyes, proceeds from the Child Himself. It was an old convention; but Correggio makes it a fact! In this work all his sweetness and strength, his human enjoyment and apparently so easy mastery, are to be found. Not less accomplished, although less attractive, is his group of the Madonna with various saints, one of the many pictures brought hither from Modena. This has a religious theme, but every suggestion is of the riotous joyous world.

In the same room is a brilliant and equally unreligious work by the painter nearest to Corregio in spirit and execution, and also a fellow provincial, as his name implies: Parmigianino: a Madonna and Infant Christ, painted with a magician's wand, but certainly not the Virgin Mary, and certainly not the Infant Saviour of mankind. These two artists were contemporaries, and both died young, Correggio's dates being 1494-1534, and Parmigianino's

1504-40. The other great picture in this room is Andrea's "Abraham and Isaac," in which Isaac is marvellously drawn.

The little Dutch rooms are almost as marvellous as those in Paris, Vienna, and Munich, and again one gasps at so much perfection. I cannot enumerate, where almost every work has something remarkable, but I must name the other Vermeer—the girl at a table reading a letter, a symphony in green; a very fine Metsu; a very fine Ostade, almost, if not quite, as rich as its neighbouring Brouwer, and not unlike it in colour; two dashing little sketches by Hals; a still life by De Bray; a superb Ochtervelt, and a girl by Adrian van der Velde as perfect in its way as his cattle pieces. Other Dutch painters, some of them not too well known, who are at their very best here, are Gerard Dou, Schalcken, Pot, Van Goyen, Heda, both Ruisdaels, Kalf, Netscher, Dirk Stoop, Knupfer, Hondecoeter, Hondt, Teniers, Rombouts, and Jan Vermeer of Haarlem, that master of peaceful mellow landscape. A pretty interior, which, when I was previously in Dresden, was called a Peter de Hooch, is now given to Cornelius Janssens. Peter de Hooch is seldom met south of Berlin.

Certain rooms being closed when I was in Dresden last, I did not see again that picture for which, to many people, almost before the Sistine Madonna, the gallery is famous: Liotard's "Chocolate Girl."

Let me add that the admirable catalogue of the Dresden Gallery devotes Section VII to the "Eng-

lische Schule." It has four entries only: Gottfried Kneller, Enoch Seeman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Henry Raeburn. Of these, Kneller was born in Lübeck and did not reach England till he was twenty-eight, while Seeman (1694-1744) was the son of a Danzig portrait painter who settled in London.

Chapter XVI: BERLIN

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE SISTINE MADONNA. Raphael
Dresden

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE SIEUR DE MORETTE. Holbein
Dresden

Chapter XVI

BERLIN

THE Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin was built as a treasure-house of art quite recently, 1904 being the year of its completion; and it was named in honour of the Emperor Frederick III, the father of ex-Emperor Wilhelm, who had died, after a very brief reign, sixteen years before its opening. To it were moved the priceless works which had been acquired since 1815, when the purchase of the Giustiniani collection in Paris started the collection. Next came the purchase, in 1821, of 677 works out of 3000 assembled by an English merchant resident in Berlin, named Edward Solly. Then, in 1874, the Suermondt Dutch pictures were added.

German money was also spent freely from time to time in acquiring single works as they came into the market, and never with more success than during the *régime* of Herr von Bode. This enthusiast and expert, who was born in 1845, was first trained for the law, but his interest in art prevailed. In 1872 he became an assistant at the Berlin Museum; in 1883, director of religious sculpture and second director of the picture gallery; and, in 1890, sole director. All this before the Kaiser Friedrich Mu-

seum, which he helped to plan, was opened. In 1904 he was made general director of all the Royal Museums—a post which he held till his retirement in 1920. Probably no museum ever had, or could have, a director possessed at once of such a *flair* for excellence, such a store of knowledge, and such a persuasive power of extracting from the rich either works of art or the money to buy them with. A list of the additions to the national collection since Herr von Bode began to have his own way would be a very remarkable document, not a few of the most treasured being his own presentation.

That errors can be charged against him is true; but they are unimportant in comparison with the sum of the results of his zeal. In 1910, it will be remembered, a wax figure of Flora was acquired by Herr von Bode from an English source (and too often has he descended triumphantly upon our sale rooms); and whether it was the work of Leonardo the sublime or an obscure English sculptor whose surname I share was the problem of the day, and also the joke. I admit to efforts to extend the joke, but that was before I had seen the figure. Every time I have seen it since I have been more convinced of its true Renaissance origin, whatever repairs may have been effected by the later English hand.

The rooms given to pictures in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum differ from all those through which we have been sauntering by reason of their blend of

plastic art with the art of the brush. There are other galleries where sculpture occupies its own region, distinct from painting: the Louvre, for example, and the Art-History Museum in Vienna. But the Kaiser Friedrich is the only one in which a fifteenth century Italian picture and a fifteenth-century Italian bronze are found side by side, as though it had been possible to rifle the Uffizi and the Bargello simultaneously, one with each hand. For it is in its examples of Italian Renaissance art that the collection is most complete. It is not a little because of this double appeal that I find the Kaiser Friedrich the most humanly alluring of all the European galleries. I find there, also, less reason to be constantly readjusting the critical faculty between warm sympathy and cold admiration. There are many great artists, for example, who do not so much impart pleasure as force the admission that they are astounding craftsmen. In Berlin the pictures that do not impart pleasure are very few.

If I were asked to name the most glorious picture in the whole gallery, I should have no hesitation—I should say "Daniel's Vision," by Rembrandt, for the angel in it: that unearthly, unforgettable figure of radiance. After that the palm would have many competitors, among them Vermeer with his "Pearl Necklace"; Giovanni Bellini with his "Christ Risen"; Giorgione with his portrait of a young man; Van Dyck with the Marchesa Geronima Spinola, that splendid more-than-full-length; Hals with the "Hille Bobbe"; Holbein with the portrait

of George Gisze; Rembrandt again, with the Cornelis Claesz group, the man in the golden helmet, and the Hendrickje Stoffels; Dürer with the head of a young woman, and Antonello da Messina with the head of a young man; Luca Signorelli with Pan enthroned; Zurbaran, whom it is long since we saw, with his memorable group of theologians; and Velasquez with the undoubted portrait of a Spanish lady in a rich brocade and the doubted Alessandro del Borro, that "ton of man."

I have mentioned some of the oustanding peaks; but the whole range is high. Coming to particulars, we find, although, as a whole, the collection is so catholic, a natural richness in the German school, from the early unknown Masters of This and That to the mature period of Dürer and his contemporaries—at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Among these, I was particularly pleased by a "Repose in the Flight to Egypt," that favourite subject, by Altdorfer, where the Holy Family, attended by flying cherubim, rest beside a fountain and the Child leans over to play with the fish. Cranach depicts the same subject with similar attendants, and we find them again in other works: a German convention. Another interesting painter is Ludger Tom Ring; whose "Marriage in Cana" is one of the most ingenuous and ingenious handlings of a Scriptural theme that I ever saw, for the whole of the foreground is given to the two cooks at their work in a kitchen packed with good things—such profusion going beyond

even a Snyders larder—while through an open door at the back may be distinguished Christ and a guest or two—very small and negligible!

Another German religious painter with domestic feeling is Georg Breu, who has a Madonna and Child with many pretty details and fancies, the Child being unusual, but none the less human for that, in turning Its back on the spectator. These men—Altdorfer, Breu, and their colleagues—are the lineal forerunners of that most delightful German illustrator of the middle of the last century—Adrian Ludwig Richter. Another rare German artist (who died in Rome in 1610), is Adam Elsheimer, a painter of little sparkling landscapes with figures.

The chief Van Eycks have been sent back to Ghent since the war; but there is a tiny Madonna and Child, by brother Jan, that could not be better, although the London Arnolfini group is, of course, finer. A favourite picture here is the portrait of a young girl, who may have been the Countess of Talbot, by Petrus Cristus. In the other Flemings, Berlin is richer than we, but its "Christ and the Magdalen," by Dirk Bouts, is not the equal of the London "Entombment," and Berlin is without a single Robert Campin. London has no Quinten Matsys so pretty as that in which the Madonna and Child are kissing.

Among the later Flemings Rubens makes a brave show, both with great voluptuous mythological scenes and Scriptural sketches. In one picture, the

plumpest of Andromedas is rescued by Perseus; in another, an equally comfortable St. Cecilia plays raptly at the organ. Van Dyck's Marchesa Spinola is his most enchanting work, but the two Giustiniani portraits are magnificent. The two children by Cornelis de Vos are very attractive.

Certain of the best of the Dutch pictures I have mentioned. Of accepted Rembrandts there are twenty-six. Both the Vermeers are masterpieces, especially "The Pearl Necklace," and there is a putative example—a chair, a cloak trimmed with ermine, and a picture of still life on the wall—which has exceptional charm. The Peter de Hooch is curiously Vermeerish. In the portrait of Rembrandt's mother, Gerard Dou reveals the fact of his pupillage. Terburg's "Concert," so often reproduced, where the woman at the spinet is too like a coloured bust, has a more liquid and gayer colour than he usually played with, and he has a very modern painting of a knife-grinder's family in a courtyard. The two vast little landscapes by Rembrandt's friend Hercules Seghers, and an even vaster by Koninck, are very impressive. I have also noted some trees by Paul Potter, an old woman's head by Helst, Frans Hals' "Mother and Child" and the famous "Hille Bobbe" (there are ten Hals in all), two quiet landscapes by Jan van der Meer of Haarlem, and work by the Ruisdaels, Verelst, and Emmanuel de Witte. For those who like still life and flower pieces the Kaiser Friedrich Museum is a paradise.

I have mentioned some of the Italian treasures, and again remark that interspersed among them are exquisite examples of contemporary sculpture, not the least remarkable being the profusion of works by the Della Robbias. Among the Titians is a self-portrait very like G. F. Watts—but that, I suppose, was less coincidence than G. F. Watts' connivance. The Giorgione young man, whether or not Giorgione's, is very beautiful. A young sculptor by Bronzino has a haunting quality. Carpaccio is strongly represented, and the Giovanni Bellinis are priceless. A popular picture is the portrait of the yellow-haired woman with a broad bosom, by Francesco da Santa Croce of Bergamo. Mantegna and Signorelli should be looked for; Luca having a picture which shows the innovating interest of his in anatomy to which I drew attention at the Uffizi. Verrocchio's name is confidently given to two works. The Lippo Lippi, with the Child sucking its thumb, is very attractive.

Chapter XVII: AMSTERDAM

Chapter XVII

AMSTERDAM

THE Ryks (or State) Museum in Amsterdam is a large red and yellow building, dating from the eighties, with an archway through it leading from the Stadhouder Kade to the open space crossed by the Hobbema Straat and Honthorst Straat, in which the Skating Club's lake is situated. Close by (I mention this as an instance of true patriotism) are streets named after Jan Steen, Govaert Flinck, Albert Cuyp, Gerard Dou, and other Dutch painters. On the ground floor of the Ryks Museum will be found articles illustrating the history of the nation and its progress in the applied arts, together with a very amusing series of reconstructed Dutch rooms; upstairs are the pictures, thousands strong.

We have seen with what avidity and satisfaction the works of the Dutch masters were collected in France and Spain, in Austria and Germany, and we are soon coming to further admirable examples in Antwerp, Brussels, and London. Even in the Uffizi in Florence we found two or three Dutch rooms. But in the old rooms of the Ryks we shall look in vain for such reciprocity. With the exception of a few pictures by Flemish painters, this

great gallery is devoted exclusively to national work. Holland for the Dutch.

The nucleus of the Ryks collection consisted of pictures belonging to the House of Orange. When, in 1705, the French took possession of the country, a number of these pictures were removed to Paris. The remainder were conserved by Louis Napoleon when he became King of Holland in 1806. At first they were kept in the House in the Wood at The Hague, and then were removed to his Amsterdam home in 1808. The Dutch regained their country in 1813, and the pictures were hung in the Treppenhuis until, in 1885, the present building was ready for them. Meanwhile the collection of Adriaen van der Hoop, whose widow died in 1880, was acquired, and the collection of Baron van de Poll in the same year. A little later the many corporation groups were brought together from the various guild houses for which they had been painted.

It is impossible to do justice to the range and excellence of the Ryks treasures in any way but by printing practically the complete catalogue; and that would be fatiguing to read. Let me, therefore, say that all the Dutch masters whom we have been marvelling at in the various Galleries of Europe will be found here again, often in finer quality, although now and again their choicest works may have been exported. Thus, Vermeer's "Pearl Necklace," in Berlin, is certainly not excelled at the Ryks, although different examples of his genius, equally noteworthy in their way, hang

there. We saw also at Munich finer Brouwers, and I, personally, should choose the London National Gallery "Interior of a Dutch House" before any of the Ryks Peter de Hooch's. I think the National Gallery example of that rare master, Michael Sweerts, is also better.

I have endeavoured from time to time in this survey to find the one picture which can be called the apple of the gallery's eye. It is not easy. I suggested at the Louvre that it might be Leonardo's "Monna Lisa"; at the Prado, Valasquez's "Las Meniñas"; in Vienna, Giorgione's "Three Magi." But at the Ryks there is no need whatever for hesitation: Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" holds the chief position by universal consent and has been given a room all to itself. That the title is wrong and that the scene represents the light of day and not of flares or lanterns is now generally agreed; but it will continue to be called "The Night Watch" as long as the artist's genius is honoured. If an accurate description should be asked, it is "The Sortie of Captain Banninck-Cocq's Civic Guard from their Guild House on the Singel." Captain Frans Banninck-Cocq, Lord of Pommerland and Ilperdam, is the figure in the centre, coming forward, whose left hand, when you see it in the original, seems to be thrust right out of the canvas into the room where you are standing. Rembrandt usually had only one thought at a time, but the little girl frolicking among these swashbucklers and catching

and diffusing radiance is a proof that his purposeful mind could relax now and then.

"The Night Watch" was painted in Amsterdam in 1642, when the artist was thirty-six. It is his largest picture. In the next room will be found his "Staalmeesters" or "Syndics," a company of grave Dutch merchants in committee, painted twenty years later; and these two works would, I suppose, be selected as the gallery's choicest possessions, although some admirers of Rembrandt might put in a word for his portrait of that serene and shrewd old lady, "Elizabeth Bas," and for the "Jewish Bride."

Rembrandt was an Amsterdammer only by adoption. He was born in Leiden in 1606, the year in which *King Lear* was probably written, and his father (like John Constable's) was a miller. In 1631 he settled permanently in Amsterdam, and in 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenborch, that smiling, fair-haired Frisian girl whom we seem to know so much better than many of our living acquaintances, and whom we saw sitting on her proud husband's knee when we were in Dresden. It was only a few weeks after the completion of "The Night Watch" in 1642 that Saskia died. Rembrandt himself survived till 1669, his last years being far from happy. The total number of his paintings has been estimated between seven hundred and a thousand, but a recent American critic has been reducing these to a trifling few. Previously a French cynic had remarked that "Rembrandt painted nine hun-

dred pictures, two thousand of which were in the United States!"

It may be interesting to add that in the London National Gallery, where twenty pictures are ascribed to Rembrandt, there is a very remarkable small version of "The Night Watch," by Gerrit Lundens, which has peculiar value both in proving God's sun to be the illuminant of the scene and also in showing us what the original was like before its edges were cropped. This copy was made by Lundens about 1660, to the order of the gallant Banninck-Cocq himself, to hang over his mantelpiece.

Next to its Rembrandts, I should say that the Ryks is chiefly to be envied for its Vermeers. The Rembrandts are many; the Vermeers are four, two of which have come since the war from the collection of the descendants of Rembrandt's friend, Alderman Six. We used to have to visit the Six mansion on the Heerengracht to see the "Maidservant Pouring Milk" and the "Little Street"; to-day that stately house no longer exists. In addition to these two works, so perfect of their kind —the "Maidservant," which, although but a few inches in height, suggests life size; and the "Little Street," by its quietude and simplicity creating a hush in the room—the Ryks has the woman in a blue coat (such a blue!) reading a letter. This is the picture with the yellow map on the wall, which must have been a new thing in painting then—in the middle of the seventeenth century—and is still

modern and without its peer. Whistler's portrait of his mother may owe much to it. In another room is Vermeer's much more elaborate but less successful picture of a woman with a mandolin, seen through tapestry curtains, called "The Letter," a dashing feat of virtuosity.

If popularity is to be taken as a guide to merit, the picture entitled, rather curiously, "The Never-ending Prayer," by Nicholas Maes, ranks very high. It is certainly a masterpiece of small and large painting in unity; and it has a close, sombre richness of its own which distinguishes it from the run of Dutch work, which was lighter and more open. The same painter's "Spinner" is also a favourite on Sundays, and, of course, there are crowds before the family interiors by Jan Steen, the reveller.

For Frans Hals it is necessary to go to Haarlem, but the Ryks has that merry picture of a Dutch gentleman and his lady, said to be the painter and his wife, sitting in a garden. In place of Hals as a corporation painter, the Ryks honours his pupil Bartholomew van der Helst, the author both of the famous fat Landrichter Bicker in the Gallery of Honour, and of the best corporation piece out of Haarlem—the Banquet of the Presidents of St. Sebastian's Guild.

The modern section of the Ryks Gallery should on no account be overlooked by visitors. Some of its French examples are of the highest quality. Quite recently Mr. J. C. J. Drucker Fraser has presented the Ryks with his valuable collection of

Photo Hanfstaengl

ALTARPIECE. Jan Van Eyck
Dresden

Photo Hanfstaengl

CHRIST AND THE TRIBUTE MONEY. Titian
Dresden

modern Dutch masters, which are accommodated in rooms adapted to that end, and these must be visited by anyone interested in the art of the brothers Maris, of Mauve, of Bosboom, of Israels and Blommers, Weissenbruch, Breitner and Mesdag.

Chapter XVIII: THE HAGUE

Chapter XVIII

THE HAGUE

THE Ryks Museum at Amsterdam is essentially a public building; the Mauritshuis at The Hague is more like a private house to which the privileged are admitted. It is of such modest dimensions that no one can possibly be tired there.

The Mauritshuis dates from the 1630's, when it was built as a residence for Count John Maurice of Nassau. In 1821 it became a gallery to house what was left by the invading French from the collections of various Princes of Orange, and, in particular, that of the Stadtholder William V, who died in 1806. His son William I, who became King of Holland in 1813, a keen enthusiast for painting, added many treasures, among them Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," which he bought in 1828. He was also instrumental in getting back from France a large amount of loot, including Paul Potter's "Bull."

I said, when we were at the Ryks Museum, that the selection of the one prominent picture there was simple. If the same question were put at the Mauritshuis, I suppose that Rembrandt would again be the painter, with "The School of Anatomy" as the chosen work. This magnificent

group, in which the painter's friend, Nicolas Tulp, is seen standing beside a fore-shortened corpse on the dissecting table and demonstrating to his fellow-surgeons, was painted as early as 1632, when Rembrandt was only twenty-six, and it is the first of his many group pictures. It has not the life and light of "The Night Watch," but it has a sombre and majestic dignity all its own, and can never be forgotten.

If, however, a popular vote were taken, it is probably not "The School of Anatomy" that would be given first place among the Mauritshuis masterpieces, but Paul Potter's "Bull." This great picture—great both in scale and handling—always has its devout admirers, of whom, within bounds, I am one. Paul Potter died at the early age of twenty-nine and you will find his portrait elsewhere in the gallery painted by Bartholomew van der Helst.

But there is still a third opinion to be heard—and not timidly spoken, either—as to the very jewel of the Mauritshuis; and this favours either the "View of Delft" by Jan Vermeer, native of that town, or the "Head of a Young Girl" by the same hand. The "View of Delft" is, of all landscapes ever painted, the mellowest and most serene, while the "Head of a Young Girl" is nothing short of a miracle. As I have written elsewhere, if you look at this child steadily for a few moments, she begins to smile back.

Much that is of the highest quality remains after we have segregated these four pictures. There are

Rembrandt's "Susanna Bathing," with an Elder spying from the bushes; Rembrandt's "Simeon in the Temple," one of his first great works, painted when he was twenty-five, a masterpiece of composition and light, and a sacred picture, too; and there are also portraits from the giant hand. Very likely Dr. Bredius' examples are still "in bruickleen," for the Mauritshuis was fortunate in once possessing, as curator, an enthusiast who was not only able to own Rembrandts but willing to loan them.

There is that exquisite little "Goldfinch," painted by Karel Fabritius, Vermeer's friend, who died at the age of thirty-four. Vermeer himself died when he was forty-three, and Adriaen Brouwer, whom we also find here with a masterly study of a head, at the age of thirty-three, and Metsu at thirty-seven. Paul Potter, as I have said, lived only to be twenty-nine. I mention these ages because the shortness of so many Dutch painter's lives makes the perfection and abundance of the school more remarkable still.

Then there is Gerard Dou's "Young Housekeeper," that sublimated family scene, the first and best "chocolate-box" picture; and it is interesting to pass from it to Rembrandt's splendid "David playing the harp before Saul," not only for the contrast, but in order to fathom what it was that Gerard Dou, Rembrandt's pupil, learnt from his master. One of the best Jacob Ruisdaels, the view of Haarlem, the artist's native town, is here, with a dappled landscape and Haarlem church standing up like a mammoth on the edge of it; there are

some Jan Steens, "The Oyster Feast" being the favourite, but surpassing it, I think, in attractiveness, is "The Menagerie," where the little girl feeds the pet lamb among the farm animals, a little girl radiantly alone in her delicacy among all Jan Steen's creations. And I have not mentioned the Terburgs, the Ostades, the Wouwermans (which one has a way of taking for granted), a perfect little Thomas de Keyser, and too many other works of excellence. Each, indeed, is picked.

Among the foreigners are Holbein (look for the portrait of Henry VIII's falconer, Robert Cheseman); Rubens, with portraits of his two wives, Isabella Brant and Hélène Fourment, both of them testifying to his good judgment and good fortune; Van Dyck, with an English gentleman and his wife; a very charming Murillo, and a Royal child by the greatest hand of them all—Velasquez.

No visitor to Holland would omit a visit to Haarlem, to see the great groups by Frans Hals, which have been arranged in the very almshouse (now the Museum) of which the painter and his wife were inmates. Among the Dutch painters of his time the roystering Hals stands alone, by reason of the largeness of his manner, the untrammelled vigour of his brush strokes, the lifelike vividness of his heads and hands. No other portrait painter can so suggest the blood beneath the skin.

For the most part the Dutch masters concealed their method: they let you see only the finished marvel. But Rembrandt and Hals admit you to

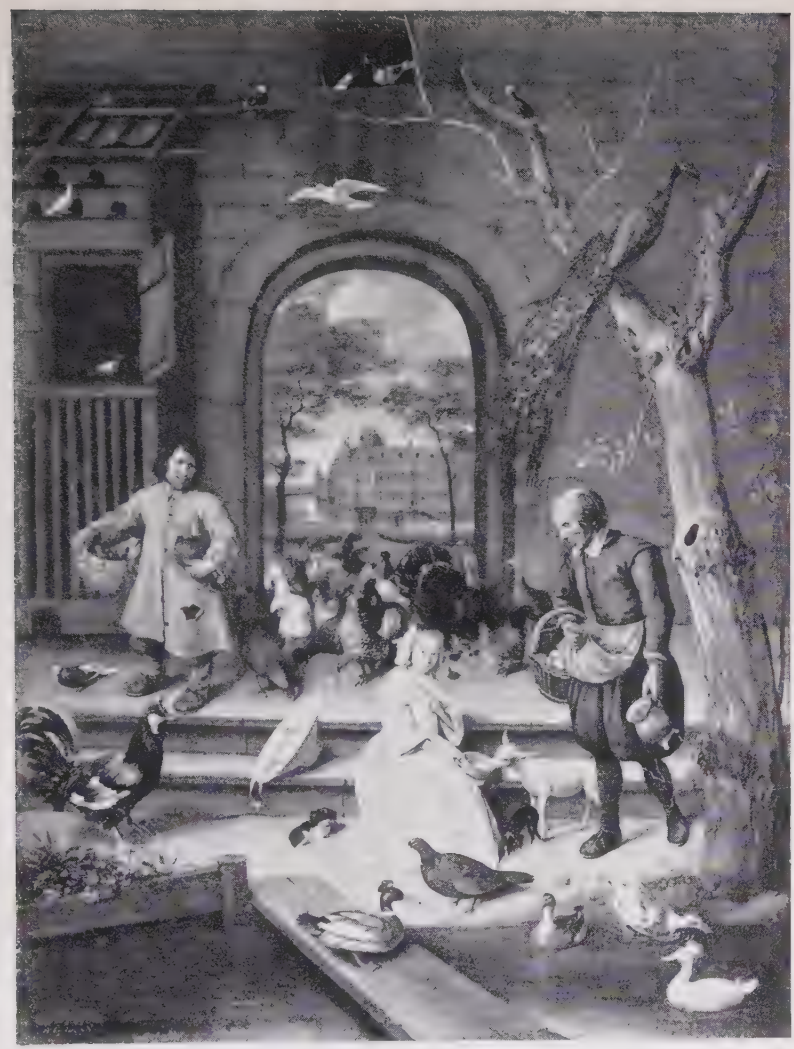

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE MENAGERIE. Jan Steen
The Hague

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER. Gerard Dou
The Hague

Photo Hanfstaengl

GROUP OF ARQUEBUSIERS. Frans Hals
Haarlem

HEER AND VROUW COLENBURGH VAN BRAECKEL AND THEIR SON.
Gerard Terburg
Haarlem

the studio; you see the one building up his effects, laying paint on paint, sometimes with a knife; you see the other as one dashing touch succeeds the last. Rembrandt had his followers in some number; but Hals invented his manner and it died, in Holland, with him. Many years had to pass before it was practised again. A living master who knows something about it will be found in the London National Gallery—the only living master there: Mr. Sargent.

The Haarlem Museum is not purely a Frans Hals memorial; there are some excellent pictures there by other of the many artists which the town fostered: Jacob Ruisdael and his uncle Salomon, Jan Vermeer, of Haarlem, whose quiet landscapes always give pleasure, Van der Helst and Adriaen Brouwer, both of whom were Hals's pupils, while one of the most charming of Terburg's little portrait groups, so widely different from the Hals tradition, hangs there too.

The Hague has two galleries rich in the romantic French art of the nineteenth century, to which the Dutch collector has always been warmly attached, and to which some of the best recent Dutch painters owe not a little inspiration. Anton Mauve, in particular, may be said to derive from Barbizon. These galleries, although they are outside my scheme, must, I feel, be mentioned. The one is in the same building that accommodates the panorama of Scheveningen by H. W. Mesdag, the banker-artist, and it contains the modern section of the Municipal Museum. The other is the Mesdag Mu-

seum itself, the house filled with work of his Dutch, French and English contemporaries, largely votive (like the Hugh Lane house in Dublin). It has some exquisite things in it, not the least memorable being "The Young Cook," from the sensitive hand of that strange visionary Matthew Maris, who died in his adopted city, London, in 1917. Between the work of the great confident materialists of the seventeenth century and this shy recluse of the nineteenth how wide a gulf! Yet Holland produced both.

Chapter XIX: ANTWERP

Chapter XIX

ANTWERP

THE Antwerp Museum of the Fine Arts was finished in 1890 to house the great Rubens and Van Dyck collections, consisting of thousands of engravings and photographs, and the paintings from the suppressed monasteries and churches of Antwerp, from the Hôtel de Ville and from the Steen Museum. But had it not been for a citizen and civic authority of Antwerp named Floris van Ertborn, who in 1840 bequeathed his collection of pictures to the city, the Antwerp Gallery would be a very different place; not negligible for a moment, but lacking some of its finest quality.

For among Burgomaster Van Ertborn's pictures, all of them of cabinet size and none poor, are some gems of imagination and paint. There is even a "Crucifixion" by Antonello da Messina, a work comparable with the London National Gallery example, but differing from that by the inclusion of the two thieves. There is a little Simone Martini and a Fra Angelico, also from the distant South. There is Jan van Eyck himself, with the exquisite little monochrome of St. Barbara at the foot of her tower, one of the most precious treasures that Belgium possesses. And all the rapt and pious

Netherlanders are also represented: Rogier de la Pasture or Roger van der Weyden, Hans Memling, Gerard David, Quinten Matsys, the two Bouts, Bles and his followers, and so forth. After Van Eyck's "St. Barbara," which was painted as long ago as 1437, and his "Madonna of the Fountain," painted in 1439, I think perhaps that Roger Van der Weyden's "Seven Sacraments," with superb architectural drawing in addition to its emotion, is the most memorable picture; but the same painter's portraits always remain in the recollection, and the features of his ascetic Philippe de Croz come to mind at any moment. Gerard David's "Honest Judges," a kind of precursor of Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims," has great attraction; but David is always interesting, for his art reached forward too. There is also among the Van Ertborn pictures the famous Jean Fouquet Madonna, with "le sein gauche entièrement à decouvert," as the catalogue has it: a description which will probably call it to many readers' memory.

The true heroes of the Antwerp Museum are the two illustrious Antwerpians, Rubens and Van Dyck, and this being so, and since we have seen so much of their work during this survey, this is perhaps the place to say a few words as to their careers.

Peter Paul Rubens was born at Siegens in Westphalia in 1577, and was ten years old when his widowed mother moved to Antwerp. There the boy received a first-class education, in addition to

the classics wisely learning a number of modern languages, without the knowledge of which his subsequent career must have been very different. His early efforts in painting were disciplined by Adam van Noort and Otto van Veen, and by 1598 he was allowed to take pupils of his own and was already famous for the vigour of his hand. His foreign experiences began in 1600, when he went to Italy as Court painter to the Duke of Mantua, and during visits to Rome, and on a mission to Philip III of Spain, in 1603, he had the opportunity of studying finer, or at any rate richer, pictures—especially perhaps the Madrid Titians—than he could see in Antwerp, and also of mixing with the great world. In 1608 he returned to Antwerp, taking his Italian warmth with him, and there he remained for several years as the Court painter and the head of Flemish art. In the following year he married Isabella Brant, whose portrait we saw in Berlin and The Hague.

Then set in a long and intensely energetic period, many of the fruits of which we have seen, not the least remarkable being the Marie de Médicis series in the Louvre. That Rubens painted every stroke himself is practically impossible, but he probably did more than anyone else could have done. Indeed, herculean is almost the only word for his achievements. But painting was not all: he was a man of affairs too and the friend of the powerful, and he was considered sufficiently tactful and authoritative to be chosen in 1628 to visit Philip IV

as a mediator between England and Spain. He was in Madrid in 1628, and the King put a studio at his service and appointed Velasquez to take him about and to see that he was comfortable. There is, however, no evidence that either painter had any deep artistic influence on the other, although it is more than likely that Rubens said some very friendly things about "Los Borrachos," which was then on the Spaniard's easel: and it is certain that he urged him to go to Italy, as he did in the following year. The result of the Spanish visit was that Rubens was entrusted by Philip with friendly messages to Charles I of England, and while on that mission in 1629, was knighted by the King and made an honorary M.A. of the University of Cambridge.

On returning to Antwerp, Rubens, who had been a widower for three years and was now over fifty, married Hélène Fourment, a billowy girl of sixteen, whom we see so often in his pictures, and whose sister Susanne is the vivacious wearer of the "Chapeau de Paille" in our National Gallery. Another family picture there is the landscape depicting Rubens' country house, the Château de Steen, with partridges characteristically as big as turkeys.

A new period of activity in the Antwerp studio followed upon his second marriage, lasting till the painter's death in 1640. He is buried in the church of St. Jacques. We have seen Hélène Fourment alone many times: in her bath-gown in Vienna, and with an infant boy in the Dresden Gallery; we

Photo Mansell

DUTCH NOBLEMAN. Frans Hals
Antwerp

Photo Mansell

SALOME PANEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Quinten Matsys

saw two of Rubens' sons together, handsome and happy, at the Liechtenstein in Vienna. He had altogether four sons and three daughters, but no son took to paint and no daughter married an artist. Within a century of his death his male line was extinct, but I have seen it stated that through the female line over a hundred families now trace their origin to him.

The "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp Cathedral, which many persons consider Rubens' masterpiece, was painted between 1611 and 1614; the "Assumption," over the high altar, in 1626.

Among the Antwerp Museum's finest examples of the art of Rubens is the triptych representing the incredulity of St. Thomas, which the contemporary portraits of the donors in the wings. The vividness of which Rubens was capable, and his easy fluent brush-work are here at their best: and there is drama too. There are also the "Christ Crucified between Two Thieves"; the vast "Adoration of the Kings," with the camels' heads swaying above; the "Descent from the Cross" the masterpiece here, I think; the almost too realistic triptych of the dead Christ, the Virgin and St. John; and a Crucifixion. In other moods are the "Venus Frigida" and the farm scene which turns out to be an incident in the career of the Prodigal Son.

In many ways Van Dyck's career resembled that of Rubens. He had not the same almost boisterous fertility, and was without robustness altogether, but he painted alone and with assistance an astonishing

number of pictures, chiefly portraits, although many religious subjects too, and he painted them in a life shorter than that of Rubens by twenty-one years!

Anthony van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599, the son of a well-to-do tradesman, and, unlike so many sons of well-to-do tradesmen, he was steered towards a career as an artist from a very early age, and at ten was apprenticed to Hendrick van Balen, the master of Snyders. By the time he was sixteen the boy was painting independently and taking pupils. It was not until he was twenty that he joined Rubens, who was, of course, the dominating artistic influence in the city, and indeed in all Belgium, and for too long he allowed himself to paint like—or at any rate too like—the master. But how sure and distinguished was his uninfluenced hand even at that age can be learned by looking at the portrait of Cornelius van der Geest in the London National Gallery, which was painted in 1619-20.

Van Dyck's first visit to England, a country which ultimately became his home, was in 1620; but little is known of his activity there. In 1621 he went to Italy, remaining there for five years, studying the masters, chiefly the Venetians, Veronese and Titian—Titian being the god both of Rubens and of himself—and painting portraits, the most famous of which are those done during his stay in Genoa.

On returning to Antwerp in 1627 or 1628 Van

Dyck found himself in some degree of rivalry with Rubens, but there is no record of petty quarrels. Indeed, both painters seem to have been gentlemen too. To this second Antwerp period belong some of Van Dyck's finest works, including the portrait of Maria Louisa of Tassis, which we saw at the Liechtenstein Gallery, and the "Crucifixion" at Mechlin, which Sir Joshua so greatly admired.

It was in the spring of 1632 that Van Dyck came again to England to settle, and favours were at once showered upon him by Charles I. He was made a Court painter, he had a pension of £200, free lodging and a studio in Blackfriars and country quarters at Eltham Palace, and in July he was knighted. He was at first chiefly occupied in painting the King and Queen, but later every one crowded to his studio, and he soon began to paint much too rapidly. Among his devices to lessen labour was the bad habit of painting all hands from the same model. As a man he managed his affairs without judgment: he was always in love, too often with other men's wives; he lavished money and time on musicians, and he kept open house more suitable to a prince than a painter. Nor was he strong physically. The result was that he became more and more in debt, and towards the end, abetted by his friend Sir Kenelm Digby, wasted his time and repose in the actual pursuit of the philosopher's stone! In 1630 he married Lady Mary Ruthven, whose beautiful portrait, in which she is playing the violoncello, we saw at Munich; but few men

have been less monogamous. He died in December, 1641, at his house at Blackfriars, and was buried in St. Paul's—the St. Paul's that was burned in the Great Fire.

The Antwerp Museum has Van Dyck's portraits of the Bishop Malderus, of the quaint little girl with two dogs, of Martin Pepijn, of our little Charles II when still an innocent, and a most attractive presentment of Hélène Fourment. There is also a Christ entombed, a Deposition, and a Crucifixion: but the portraits are more notable. Van Dyck's friend Snyders, whose handsome head he etched so finely, is seen at his best here.

The third Antwerp master, Jacob Jordaens, whom we have found so often in the vicinity of Rubens, and who stands for Rabelaisianism, conviviality, and a hard brilliance of technique, was born in Antwerp and a resident there all his life. He married a daughter of Van Noort, his own and Rubens' master, and not only looked upon Rubens as an inspiration, but worked under him and with him. Jordaens is at his best at Antwerp in the "Family Concert" and a frame of studies for heads. His "Last Supper" has more reality than many versions, although it seems hardly fair to depict Christ in the act of plucking Judas' beard; but Jordaens, with his uncompromising naturalism, is better away from religious subjects.

Among the chief of the other pictures in the Antwerp Museum I must mention the "Salome" of Quinten Matsys, in which Salome, in a glorious

brocade dress, looks, with her little piquant face, so unlike her historic character; and also the same master's serene portrait of Peter Gillis, his very modern Magdalen, and the sombre Entombment; Memling's famous Heavenly Choir, so different in scale from his ordinary minute panels; Cornelis de Vos' portrait of the old Guildsman, not unlike Velasquez's Æsop, and Simon de Vos' smiling portrait of himself; portraits by Gossaert; a scene of eagles devouring their prey by Jan Fyt; some pastoral landscapes by Abel Grimmer in the manner of Old Brueghel; several pictures by Old Brueghel himself, or his followers, not to be compared with those at Vienna; and a charming group of two girls, labelled "St. Agnes and St. Dorothy," by an unknown hand, St. Agnes (called so on the evidence of a pet lamb) wearing a gracious yellow robe.

Among the Dutch artists will be found Brouwer, Gonzales Coques, with a set of the five senses, Frans Hals, with the glorious portrait of a Dutch nobleman, Hobbema, and Rembrandt, with a fine Burgomaster and a finer Saskia. Jan Steen attempts to be a religious painter in "Samson mocked by the Philistines," but is more at home in a "Dutch Wedding Feast." I noted a rare painter, Koedijck, with a very good interior suggesting both de Hooch and Vermeer. Terburg, Schalcken, Van de Cappelle, Van Goyen, De Vries are at their best; and Weenix is superhumanly accomplished in an assemblage of birds, including a chaffinch and a kingfisher.

Chapter XX: BRUSSELS

Chapter XX

BRUSSELS

TO pass from Antwerp to Brussels is rather to increase our familiarity with certain painters than to find any new ones, for the same masters are the heroes of both galleries. Both are rich in the early period of the Van Eycks and Roger van der Weyden; both are rich in the great florid period of Rubens; both have Dutch rooms notably filled. If Brussels has not anything quite so fascinating as Jan van Eyck's "St. Barbara" at Antwerp, Antwerp has nothing quite so ingratiating as the little girl's head by Petrus Cristus at Brussels; and there is at Brussels a Madonna and Child by Gerard David—No. 666—of which it is impossible to weary, with a child at supper in whose childishness you can believe, and a fairyland landscape seen through the window. There is also Memling's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," with its glorious background, and the Saint anything but a Roman soldier, and the archers only six feet distant. And a very beautiful Hugo van der Goes "Holy Family," and a strange, haunting picture, at once so early and so late—an "Annunciation"—attributed to the "Maître dit de Flémalle ou de Mérode" (Robert Campin), where the angel brings

the tidings to the Virgin in an enchanting room with cool walls, tiled floor, an open fire, and a vase of lilies on the table. I don't say that the Brussels primitives are better than Burgomaster Van Ertborn's, but they are not inferior. Each city has its own treasures.

The Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels, the only European gallery in this book (as I have already stated) to which there is no entrance fee, was built in the eighteen-seventies, and was opened in 1887 as the home of the Royal collections of pictures and sculpture; and it is, I assume, because the Crown gave the works of art that they are free to all. Some day (I repeat) may all galleries be as hospitable and accessible! for the saying that what costs nothing is not valued—a disputable one at all times—is certainly not true of such places.

On the ground floor is the statuary, and a long room given to miscellaneous foreign painters, which comprise one or two Englishmen. It is long since British work met our eyes, but here is Raeburn, here is Reynolds with a portrait of Sir William Chambers the architect, here is Lawrence with another portrait, and Constable with a study of clouds. But the picture that remains most clearly in my memory is a girl's head by Goya.

Upstairs we find our old friends Rubens and Van Dyck, Jordaens and Snyders, with one or two of their less familiar contemporaries, such as De Crayer with a rather theatrical but very lively "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and Cornelis de

Vos with some admirable family groups, including one of himself, his wife, and his children. Sustermans, whom we saw in Florence, and who is here called Suttermans, has several portraits. But Rubens overshadows all. The favourite among his works is, I should guess, the great "Adoration," where the manger has been translated into a palace of almost Paolo Veronese splendour, and the Madonna, richly dressed, holds out a plump and vigorous Infant, who, while being saluted by a kneeling mage, pats his bald head. The problem, usually so simple, is to discover Joseph. The "Assumption of the Virgin" has its worshippers too: a work of intense *brio,* with the Virgin being borne off to heaven by a cloud of cherubim, all drawn with power and mastery, at the very moment that the tomb is being opened. The Italian masters, as we have seen, depicted lilies and other flowers springing from the sepulchre (there is an example of this pretty fancy by Botticini in the London National Gallery), but Rubens disdained such unlikely southern imaginings. The picture has an actuality which cannot be denied respect. There are also some of Rubens' brilliant sketches for paintings; a frame of negroes' heads, or rather of the head of one negro, most sensitively modelled; and a beautiful portrait of the wife of De Cordes, and a powerful one of Pierre Pecquius. The "Venus at the Forge of Vulcan" has a tremendous glow.

The Brussels Van Dycks include the fascinating portrait of Duquesnoy the sculptor, and representa-

tions of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Anthony of Padua, that gentle youth, as he is usually depicted, being here very old and very tall, holding an infinitesimal infant almost at arm's length.

Jordaens' "The Drinking King" is a thing almost unsurpassed for its sharp dexterity and the suggestion of gross conviviality. This picture, which Jordaens painted more than once—we saw a version in the Louvre—illustrates both an old custom and a family incident. The custom is of Twelfth Night, the "Fête des Rois," when a cake is cooked with a bean in it and whoever gets the bean is crowned king of the evening. When he drinks, every one drinks, exclaiming "Le Roi boit." Very well; while, one Twelfth Night, the Jordaens family were all merry-making, a stranger knocked at the door, weary and ill-clad, and was admitted and invited to join the circle. When the time came to divide the cake it was he who found the bean and who therefore occupied the throne at the head of the table; and behold, he turned out to be the painter's long-lost brother! That is the story.

The "Pan and Syrinx," also by Jordaens, is the work of a master, and you cannot pass carelessly by his "Portrait of an Old Lady." Lastly, of the Flemings I would say that that most prolific of the smaller painters, David Teniers the younger, is to be found here in every mood.

We saw at Antwerp an "Adoration of the Magi" by Old Brueghel, finished by one of his descendants. Here at Brussels is the original drawing as the

master left it; and completed by his hand it would have been as interesting and curious as anything that he did, even if the devout might be grieved, as they must be, by his version of the same subject in the London National Gallery. In that picture the satirical suggestion runs throughout; in the crowded scene at Brussels the painter's scepticism is suggested by the open mouth of a donkey—which seems both to scoff and to bray. Of the authenticity of the other Old Brueghels at Brussels I am doubtful, with the exception of that remarkable arrangement of colour called "The Procession" and one version of "The Census at Bethlehem." This is the one with the sunset. There is another version without the sunset which does not look right. Remembering the Viennese examples, it is difficult to accept "The Fall of Icarus." But whoever painted these pictures—whether Old Pieter Brueghel, or Pieter Brueghel the second, or Jan Brueghel the elder, or Jan the second—there is no question that their inspirer, Old Breughel, or Peasant Brueghel, or Brueghel the Droll, as he was variously called, was a most remarkable figure in the history of painting, having no predecessors, and, after his family had done their worst with him, no artistic posterity. The son of a peasant in the village of Brueghel, near Breda, in Holland, he seems to have learned to paint from Pieter Coeck or Koek, to have married his master's daughter, and then to have travelled in Italy and France, finally settling in Brussels and dying there in 1569. Little more

is known, but his pictures are increasingly admired as the years pass on.

The Dutch rooms contain, as usual, examples of the highest quality, among them being three works by Nicholas Maes, who is a rare painter outside Holland. I noted a Berck-Heyde as good as a Van der Heyden, a Houckgeest church-interior as good as a De Witte, a Van der Croos landscape as good as a Van Goyen or very nearly. Another scarce painter, Brekelenkam, has a very interesting cottage interior. Other pictures that I have marked are a stable by Cuyp, the "Weaver's Repose" by Ostade, a little head by Terburg, Rembrandt's portrait of an old woman, Aert de Gelder's Rembrandtesque Jewish group called "The Gift," a charming landscape by Wynants, a music party by Palamedes, a tiny but vivid portrait of Willem van Heythuysen, whom we saw in full length, with a sword, at the Liechtenstein, by the same painter, Frans Hals, and a landscape by that rare painter Jan Vermeer of Haarlem.

A picture of peculiar interest is the head of a man in a big black hat, which the authorities boldly give to Jan Vermeer of Delft. It is not, I believe, accepted by Dr. Hofstede de Groot, but M. Vanzype includes it as authentic in his book on this mysterious master. It may not be Vermeer, but it is difficult to assign it to anyone else. The texture of the glove is very like the real thing, and it seems to me that there are signs of this artist's peculiar green underpainting coming through the hand.

Gradually, as one's eyes stray back to it, the grave face, with its steadfast gaze, becomes the most interesting thing in the room.

One other picture I must mention because I had an unexpected opportunity of testing its merit. This is a candle-light scene—No. 416—by that specialist in such matters, Gottfried Schalcken, a pupil of Gerard Dou: a larger picture than is usual with him. Well, during the evening, while I was sitting in that most admirable restaurant near the Hôtel de Ville—Cordemans—the electric light went out, and we had to continue our dinner by candle; and then, looking round at the other guests, I saw how good Schalcken was.

Let me add a few words about two excursions from Brussels which every picture-lover must make. One is to Bruges and the other to Ghent. What was the good news that was originally brought from Aix to Ghent no one knows, but the best news that Ghent could now spread to the world is that the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin has had, as a measure of war reparation, to render up its panels from the famous "Adoration of the Lamb" polytych in the church of St. Bavon, so that you may now see the picture as Hubert and Jan van Eyck painted it more than five hundred years ago. There is a copy in the Brussels Gallery to pave the way. Nothing could exceed the satisfaction of the custodian of this marvellous work at the German restitution; and his enthusiasm generally is a model, although perhaps rather too much concentrated

upon the Van Eycks' powers as miniature painters than upon their imagination. It is with tremors of emotion that he hands you a magnifying glass with instructions to examine the " 'orse's heye."

The other excursion—unless, of course, you choose to make your headquarters in the city of the Belfry and catch or lose its floating melody at the corner of every demure street—is to Bruges, where a little room in the Hospital of St. John is dedicated to the genius of Hans Memling, that fascinating illustrator and colourist who settled in Bruges and died there in 1494. There are several easel pieces by him here, including the "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine" and the portrait of Martin van Niewenhove, but the centre of attraction is the casket, painted in 1480, and as fresh as then, on which is told the story of St. Ursula—the same story that we found Carpaccio telling in the Accademia in Venice. It is a question for each visitor to decide personally whether the virgins of Cologne or its spires and towers and machicolations are the most fascinating. Other works by Memling will be found in the Bruges Museum, together with those of Roger van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Gerard David, and the greatest of all the early Flemings, Jan van Eyck himself.

Photo Hanfstaengl

THE ARRIVAL OF THE VIRGINS AT COLOGNE. Memling

St. John's Hospital, Bruges

VIRGIN AND CHILD. Gerard David
Brussels

INDEX

ABBREVIATIONS

A. = Antwerp.
Amb. = Ambrosiana Gallery.
B. = Brussels.
B.M. = British Museum.
L. = Louvre.
L.G. = Liechtenstein Gallery.
Lux. = Luxembourg Gallery.
N.G. = National Gallery.
N.P.G. = National Portrait Gallery.
P. = Prado.
P.P. = Petit Palais.
P.-P., Milan = Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Milan.
U. = Uffizi.

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